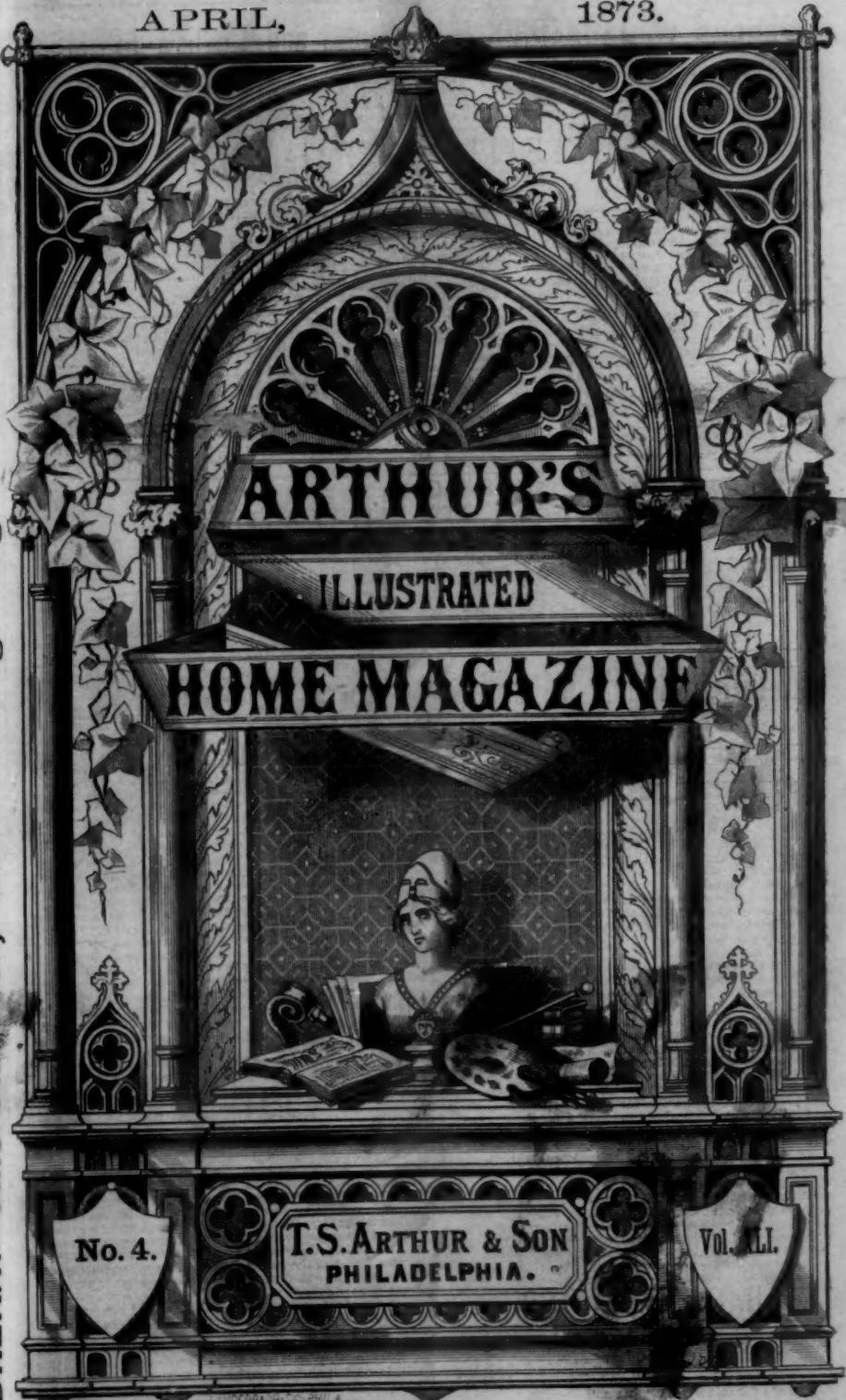


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APRIL,

1873.



**GEORGE W. JACKSON'S ICE CREAM and DINING ROOMS,
For Ladies and Gentlemen, 19 South Eighth St, below Market, Philada.**

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**COLGATE & COMPANY'S
EXTRACT CASHMERE BOUQUET,
FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF.**
"CASHMERE BOUQUET."
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CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP,
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Frequently medicines that stop a cough will occasion the death of the patient; they lock up the liver, stop the circulation of the blood, hemorrhage follows, and, in fact, they clog the action of the very organs that caused the cough.

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Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup is an expectorant which does not contain any opium or anything calculated to check a cough suddenly.

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When the bowels are costive, skin sallow, or the symptoms otherwise of a bilious tendency, Schenck's Mandrake Pills are required.

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This is the name of the best Food for Infants now offered in the market. It is prepared only by the Nutrio Manufacturing Co., No. 1230 South Ninth St., Philadelphia, and is sold by all first class druggists. It is free from all the objections that are very properly urged against the multitude of vile compounds advertised as "food for infants." Papoma is made from wheat only, by a process of torrefaction, using the entire kernel.

The starch contained in the grain is by this process partially converted into dextrine, which, unlike starch, is easy of digestion and assimilation by the delicate infantile stomach. It never irritates the digestive organs, is never rejected by the stomach, and never produces diarrhea, as do nearly all the pernicious preparations for infants, which are sold at ridiculously extravagant prices in many instances. An eminent physician, in an article in the *Medical Times*, concurs in the opinion we have always held, that the farinaceous articles are highly improper as food for very young infants, for three reasons, viz.:

First. Because of their inability to digest them. The conversion of starch into glucose, or grape sugar, is begun by the saliva, and completed by the intestinal juices. Now, the saliva is not secreted in the infant before the fourth month, nor does the intestinal juice of a very young infant seem to have the power of converting starch into grape sugar, as would appear from the fact that in post-mortems of children, who, during their lifetime, had been largely fed on farinaceous articles, a starch film has been found lining the intestines, which yielded the characteristic blue color to the iodine test.

Second. They do not contain the four classes of food in the proportion required for healthy nutrition, viz.: Albumen, fatty substances, carbo-hydrates, and salts.

Third. Supposing them to be digested, starches, and sugars into which starches are converted, have a greater affinity for oxygen than the albuminates have; they therefore tend to appropriate the oxygen which is required to combine with the waste tissues in order to effect their elimination, and they thus impede the proper nutritional changes; or, in other words, they are heat-giving rather than tissue-making materials.

Papoma does not belong to this class of preparations, but contains all the elements of a general and healthy nutrition, and being sold at a reasonable price, is within the means of all.

Intelligent physicians all recommend it as well for infants as for chronic and delicate invalids. It should be universally used by the latter at home and in the hospital.

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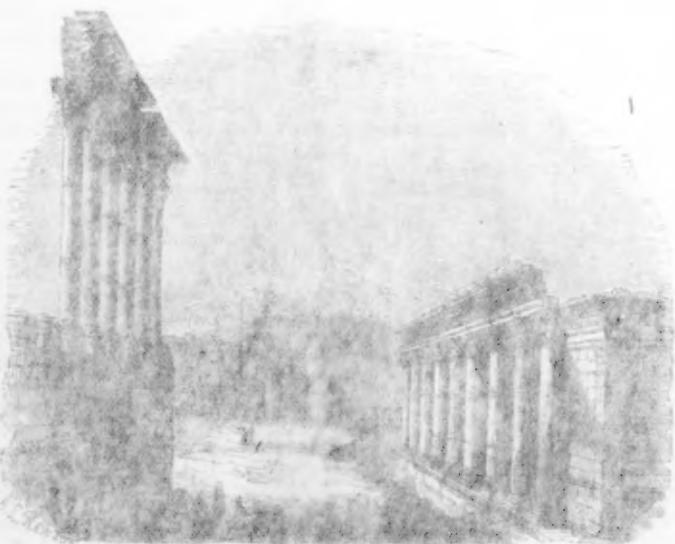
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ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XL.

APRIL, 1871.

No. 4.



RELICS OF A TRADITIONAL AGE.

BY MARY A. BUFFET.

THOSE who are Bible readers, and Bible readers only, are liable to fall into a natural error. They see the Jews from the Jewish standpoint, and come to regard them as a people superior in intelligence and cultivation to the races with whom they went to war. They are accustomed to looking upon antagonistic races, whom they believe God specially appointed the Jews to destroy, as but little more than barbarians, either living nomadic lives, or dwelling in rude huts, their cities but mere collections of those huts, and their kings petty chieftains of insignificant tribes. That which we call history tells little of these people—of the Philistines, the Canaanites, the Moabites, the Midianites, and the other nations with which the Jews were constantly at war, conquering and being conquered.

But there is a record, a record more reliable than printed words, which tells a different story. This record is everywhere to be seen in Syria. It tells us

that as the northern barbarians poured down upon civilized Rome many centuries afterward, first destroying and then assimilating with the people so did the Jews come up, a barbarous, ignorant horde, fresh from the slavery of Egypt; but armed with a sublime purpose, and an invincible will like that which keeps them intact as a race even to this day, commanded by a man who, among all the heroes and leaders of all ages, stands out unique in power, wisdom, and governing ability; and guided, as the world is guided, by the divine hand. They found a people far advanced in arts and sciences, who had built magnificent cities, and whose civilization extended only to the east of Egypt. But the destiny of these nations had been fulfilled. They had arisen, reached maturity and now were ready for decadence, their perishing civilization ready to foster the growth of nations just springing into life. So they fell before the vigorous blows of this younger nation, who had been

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SACRIFICIAL WORSHIP

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ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLI.

APRIL, 1873.

No. 4.



RUINS OF BAALBEC.

RELICS OF A TRADITIONARY AGE.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

THOSE who are Bible readers, and Bible readers only, are liable to fall into a natural error. They see the Jews from the Jewish standpoint alone, and come to regard them as a people superior in intelligence and cultivation to the races with which they went to war. They are accustomed to look upon these antagonistic races, whom they believe God specially appointed the Jews to destroy, as but little more than barbarians, either living nomadic lives, or else dwelling in rude huts, their cities but a collection of those huts, and their kings petty chieftains of insignificant tribes. That which we call history tells us little of these people—of the Philistines, the Canaanites, the Moabites, the Midianites, and the other nations with which the Jews were constantly at war, conquering and being conquered.

But there is a record, a record more reliable than printed words, which tells a different story. This record is everywhere to be seen in Syria. It tells us

that as the northern barbarians poured down upon civilized Rome many centuries afterward, first destroying and then assimilating with the people, so the Jews came up, a barbarous, ignorant horde, fresh from the slavery of Egypt; but armed with a stubborn purpose, and an invincible will like that which keeps them intact as a race even to this day; commanded by a man who, among all the heroes and leaders of all ages, stands out unique in power, wisdom and governing ability; and guided, as they believed, by the divine hand. They found nations far advanced in arts and sciences, who had built magnificent cities, and whose civilization was antedated only by that of Egypt. But the destiny of these nations had been fulfilled. They had arisen, reached maturity and now were ready for decadence, their perishing civilization ready to foster the growth of nations just springing into life. So they fell before the vigorous blows of this younger nation, who had been

tought endurance and strength of purpose in the brick-yards of Egypt, and who were inspired by such leaders as Moses and Joshua. But the struggle was a long one, and the land which they came up out of Egypt to possess, the sons of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob never quite possessed, until they finally affiliated with their enemies, intermarried with them and were "lost."

The early inhabitants of Syria have left traces of themselves scattered all over that country, most wonderful to behold, some of them promising to endure as long as the world itself. They were heathen, and in one sense idolaters, inasmuch as they set up images in their temples. But their religion was in reality sun-worship. Their deities were Baal and Astarte or Ashtaroth. Baal represented the sun, Astarte the earth or nature. There is a certain poetry in this religion which no doubt made itself felt in unsophisticated natures. The sun is the giver of light and life, the earth the receiver of light and the producer of life, and by the union of the two all visible things are created.

In all the ancient cities of Syria are found ruins of temples dedicated to Baal or the sun. At Baalbec (probably identical with the Baal Gad of the Bible, as both mean literally the City of the Sun), are some of the most wonderful and imposing architectural remains to be found in the world, among the most prominent of which are those of sun temples.

The founders of Baalbec are unknown. They were probably dead and forgotten when Solomon laid the foundation of his temple. The ruins of the city show that the architecture belongs to various periods.

"Three eras speak thy ruined piles,
The first in doubt concealed;
The second, when amid thy files,
The Roman clarion pealed;
The third when Saracenic powers
Raised high the Caliph's massive towers.

"But, ah! thy walls, thy giant walls,
Who laid them in the sand?
Belief turns pale, and fancy falls
Before a work so grand;
And well might heathen seers declare
That fallen angels labored there.

"No, not in Egypt's ruined land,
Nor mid the Grecian isles,
Tower monuments so vast, so grand,
As Baalbec's early piles;

Baalbec, thou City of the Sun,
Why art thou silent, mighty one?

"The traveller roams amid thy rocks,
And searches after light;
So searched the Romans and the Turks,
But all was hid in night;
Phoenicians reared thy pillars tall,
But did the genii build thy wall?"

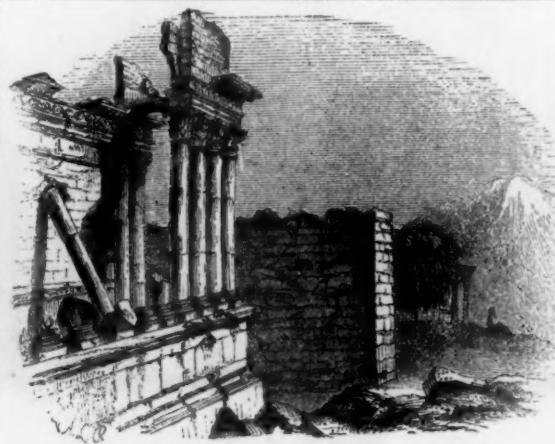
Mr. Prime says: "If all the ruins of ancient Rome that are in and around the modern city were gathered together in one group, they woud not equal in extent the ruins of Baalbec." Nevertheless, the space covered by these ruins is only nine hundred feet long by five hundred feet wide. The magnificence and magnitude of the columns, and the Cyclopean masonry, has for centuries been the wonder of the world, and no description I can possibly give will approach the reality.

A traveller thus describes these ruins: "The temples of Baalbec stood upon an artificial platform, raised above the plain thirty feet, having immense

vaults underneath. The style of this foundation is very similar to that of the foundation of Solomon's temple at Jerusalem, the stones being beveled, but of a much larger size. Three of the stones in this foundation wall are each sixty-three feet long by fifteen wide and thirteen deep, raised to a height of twenty feet. Outside of this platform, on the southwest corner, there is a wall

where many of the stones measure thirty feet long by fifteen wide and thirteen deep. On the platform stood three temples—the Temple of the Sun, the Temple of Jupiter and the Circular Temple. The Temple of the Sun, or great temple, was two hundred and ninety feet long by one hundred and sixty broad, surrounded by fifty-four Corinthian columns seventy five feet high and seven feet three inches in diameter at the base. The stones of the entablature, which reached from column to column, were fifteen feet high by fifteen long, making the total height to the top of the entablature ninety feet. The stones forming the entablature were fastened together by wrought-iron clamps, inserted in the ends, one foot thick. Six only of these immense columns now remain standing."

The Temple of Jupiter stands on a platform of its own, and is the most perfect ruin in Syria. "Even with arch destroyed," writes one who has seen the ruins, "column overthrown, pilaster broken, and

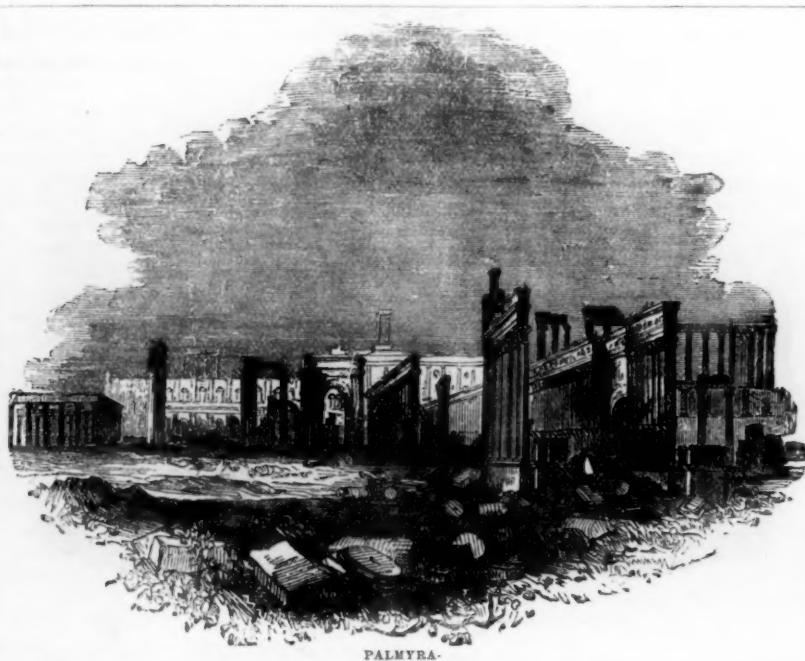


RUINS OF BAALBEC.

capital defaced, so vast at once and so exquisitely beautiful in design and sculpture are the ruins which here surround the traveller, that we scarcely wonder at the fond superstition which leads the natives to aver, and stoutly to maintain, that masses so mighty were never transported and upreared by human hands, but that the once magnificent, but now ruined Baalbec, was built by the genii, reluctantly but irresistibly coerced to their Titanic labors by the mighty power of the seal of the wise son of David." A stone still larger than those in the walls—being fourteen feet high by seventeen wide, and sixty-nine feet long—lies in a quarry nearly a mile distant, having never been transported into Baalbec. The surfaces of the stones in the foundation wall are squared so truly,

The city is situated on an oasis in the Desert of Syria, and it was, in the days of the Roman empire, a kind of commercial post between that country and India.

Ancient Palmyra, or Tadmus, having at one period suffered decadence as a colony of Rome, was rebuilt by the Emperor Hadrian, who changed its name to Hadrianopolis. The Palmyrenes joined Alexander Severus in his expedition against the Persians. During the reign of Gallienus the Roman Senate advanced Odenatus, a private citizen of Palmyra, to the throne. After his death, his widow, Zenobia, attempted to include all Syria, Asia and Egypt in her dominions as "Queen of the East." But she met with defeat under Aurelian, whom she ultimately accompanied to Rome.



PALMYRA.

and fit each other so exactly, even at this remote period that it is difficult to find the place where they are joined together without searching for it.

Around Baalbec, in adjacent towns about the headwaters of the Jordan, are numerous ruins of a similar character, showing structures of great size and architectural beauty.

Palmyra, another ancient city of Syria, almost due east of Baalbec, is now also a mass of wonderful ruins. Palmyra, "the place of palm trees," is supposed to be the "Tadmus of the wilderness" which Solomon built. Here, among other remains, are those of a magnificent sun temple; though none of them will compare in grandeur, beauty and exquisite workmanship, nor probably in antiquity with those of Baalbec.

After an existence of several centuries, during which it was held in turns by the Romans and the Saracens, it was besieged, sacked, its inhabitants massacred, and its very existence forgotten; until, in 1691, a party of English merchants, crossing the desert, discovered the ruined and deserted city.

Its ruins are of the Corinthian order of architecture, with the exception of the columns of the Temple of the Sun, which are fluted, with brazen Ionic capitals. These ruins are all more insignificant, and of a later date than those of Baalbec.

At Athlert, a city unmentioned in either sacred or profane history, there are extensive ruins, which are a historic and an architectural puzzle. They are pure Phenician in character, and probably date beyond the oldest Greek or Roman structures in Syria.

There is a wall here, large sections of which remain entire. Just within this wall stands a portion of a gigantic building.

Rev. Mr. Thompson, for many years a missionary in the Holy Land, thus describes this building: "It was erected on vaults of very great strength, and the fragment of the east wall towers up at least eighty feet high. There it stands in its loneliness, unbroken by a hundred earthquakes, the first object that strikes the eye of the traveller, either up or down the coast. Near the top, on the interior, so high that it strains the neck to look at them, are the flying buttresses (finished off below with the heads of men and beasts), from which spring the arches of the great dome. It must have been superb—sublime. Now, who erected this magnificent temple, and when? The only history we have of Athlert begins with the Crusaders, who call it Castellum Perigrinorum Pilgrims' Cas-

"Their number," says the Rev. Mr. Thompson, "is surprising, since for ages the inhabitants have been breaking them up for building-stone, and burning them into lime, and still there are hundreds of them lying about on the face of the hill. They are of all sizes, some eight feet long, and in fair proportion, the resting-place of giants; others were made for small children. Many are hewn in the live rock; others are single coffins, cut out of separate blocks. All had heavy lids, of various shapes, approaching to that of an American coffin, but with the corners raised. They are, no doubt, very ancient. Lift the lid, and the dust within differs not from the surrounding soil, from which grows the corn of the current year. And so it was twenty centuries ago, I suppose. They are without inscriptions, and have nothing about them to determine their age or origin."

A sarcophagus was recently discovered at Sidon,



RUINS AT MILETUS, ASIA MINOR.

tle), because they used to land there when Acre was in the hands of the Saracens. But they built none of these edifices."

Near Busse, a little town lying near the coast between Acre and Tyre, there is a singular pillar, which dates its origin back for thousands of years. The shaft is composed of ten pieces, each three feet thick. It stands upon a base ten feet high and nine feet square, making it forty feet in height. If a statue ever crowned the pillar, it is there no longer. This column is called Humsin, and also Minawat, from the collection of ruins near it. At Ammariyeh much of the stone used in building Busse is quarried, from ruins which have become buried so deeply in the earth that an olive tree many hundreds of years old has had time to grow in the soil above them.

Not far from Beirut, on the south to Jerusalem, at Khuldeh, is a mountain-side covered with sarcophagi.

which had upon its lid a long inscription in the Phœnecian character. The upper end of the sarcophagus was wrought with superior skill into the form of a human face. The head and drapery were similar to those sometimes found on Egyptian mummy cases. The inscription, which was deciphered by Prof. Deitrich, speaks of the person within the sarcophagus as Ashmunazer, King of the Sidonians, son of Tabnith, King of the Sidonians, and of Immiastoreth, priestess of Astarte; grandson of Ashmunazer, King of the Sidonians, etc. It details the wonderful works he has accomplished during his life, and multiplies maledictions against any one who shall disturb his sepulchre when dead. The date of this sarcophagus is carried back to an early period of the Jewish possession of Judea.

Assyrian civilization was contemporaneous with Egyptian civilization, and exerted a far greater in-

fluence than the latter upon the Greeks and Etruscans. The decorations of King Solomon's temple—lions, bulls and winged cherubim—were the production of Phoenician sculptors and copies of symbolic Assyrian figures. The investigation of the ruins of ancient Nineveh are bringing to light many things about the Assyrian nation. In the village of Khorsabad near Nineveh an entire palace, with walls, rooms and decorations perfect, has been dug out from the depths of the earth and laid bare. From inscriptions found in this palace it is made evident that it was built about seven hundred years before Christ. Many curious figures of animals were found in this palace, but a detailed description of them is impossible here. There have been found vases of peculiar beauty of form and workmanship, statues and bas reliefs, all showing that art had reached a high position at that remote period.

Judea is not the only portion of country which can claim an early settlement by a civilized and cultivated people. While Greece was yet a land of barbarians, Asia Minor was filled with towns and cities. Homer has sung the downfall of Troy, which was one of the many.

On the shores of the Mediterranean about eighty miles from the mouth of the Meander, is the site of the ancient city of Miletus. In the days of its pomp and power it had four harbors capable of containing a large fleet, and consequently possessed great maritime strength. It carried on an active commerce with the Euxine and with the distant shores of Spain. It was not only a naval and a commercial town, but from its surplus population it sent out numerous colonies. Pliny sets down these colonies as eighty in number.

Miletus was a powerful city when the Lydian



LAODICEA, ASIA MINOR.

It is impossible in the limits of a single article to give an account of more than a small fraction of the ruins which, belonging to a prehistoric age, bestrew this interesting country—ruins which go to show that the Canaanites and Philistines of the Bible were a highly civilized people at a period contemporaneous with Jewish history.

Damascus is considered the oldest city in the world, tradition telling us that it was founded by Uz, the grandson of Noah. It is a most beautiful city. It is told of Mahomet that coming to a hill overlooking Damascus, he refused to enter it, saying: "A man can have but one Paradise, and mine is above." Although so venerable, Damascus bears less evidence of its age than many cities of more modern construction. With one or two exceptions, there are no evidences of ruins whatever, modern structures replacing ancient ones.

monarchy rose into consequence. The kings of Lydia took offense at the independence and importance of their Ionian neighbor and made war against it for many years with, however, but little effect. In the reign of Darius, Miletus was besieged by land and by sea, and finally taken by storm. The surviving inhabitants were carried to Susa and settled by order of Darius near the mouth of the Tigris. The town itself was given up by the Persian commander to the Carians. The Athenians are said to have been so much affected by this event that when Phrynicus, the tragic writer, introduced on the stage his play of the "Captive of Miletus," the whole house burst into tears, the people fined the poet one thousand drachmas and forbade the performance in the future. The Milesians suffered also under Alexander.

St. Paul sojourned at Miletus a few days on his return from Macedonia. The Milesian church

took a high place in rank among the churches in Asia.

During the decline of the Byzantine empire the town had nearly fallen into ruins from the ravages of the Turks and other barbarians, and the alluvial deposits of the Meander had already begun to obstruct the harbors. These harbors are at the present day almost totally destroyed.

Miletus is the birthplace of Thales the mathematician and philosopher; also of Cadmus and Hecateus, two of the earliest historians of Greece.

Miletus is now a very unhealthy place. Its few inhabitants live in huts made of the debris of the once magnificent city. Two or three windmills are built upon the ruins, one of them near what must have been a temple, by some assigned to Diana, by others to Apollo. Two columns of the Ionic order supporting a fragment of frieze, and a third isolated column remain as grandly solitary relics of the structure to which they once belonged. The ruins of a chapel are pointed out to the traveller as that in which St. John preached, but the story is somewhat apocryphal, as the order of architecture to which the chapel belongs dates some hundreds of years later than St. John's time.

Ephesus, also in Asia Minor, and in some respects the rival of Miletus, was formerly a city of note, and contains many interesting ruins, dating back to the Roman period. A treasure has recently come to light here which has surprised and delighted archaeologists. It is no less than a part of one of the columns of the great temple of Diana, the wonder of the heathen world. This fragment is of white marble, six feet in length and eighteen feet in circumference. What remains undefaced by time shows it to be one of the "embroidered pillars," of which Pliny speaks, saying there were one hundred and twenty-seven in all, each sixty feet high, and each the gift of a king. The uninjured portion shows three life-size figures of beautiful workmanship.

Laodicea was a city in the south-eastern portion of Phrygia. Its position corresponds with that of the city of Cydrara, mentioned by Herodotus, though Pliny calls its early name Diospolis, afterward changed to Rhoas. Its name of Laodicea was given it by Antiochus Theos, in honor of his wife, Laodice. This monarch, in the height of his prosperity and ambition, made war upon the all-powerful Ptolemy, king of Egypt. This war he was only enabled to withdraw from by marrying Berenice, daughter of Ptolemy. His wife Laodice never forgave him for this insult to her, and historians generally agree that the murder of Antiochus and Berenice which followed was instigated by her.

During the Roman republic and the subsequent empire, Laodicea became exceedingly prosperous, and we find it called in ancient inscriptions "the most splendid city of Asia." It was laid in ruins by an earthquake during the reign of Tiberius, but the inhabitants were enabled to rebuild it without appealing to the imperial treasury for help. Situated on the highway between the east and the west Laodicea

became a town of great commercial importance. The general appearance and extent of the ruins will discover the magnificent scale upon which the city was built in the days of its glory. There were a gymnasium, several theatres, an aqueduct, temples and a stadium or race-course, the columns, capitals and broken walls of which strew the plain with their fragments. At Laodicea was established one of the seven churches of Asia. The city was finally destroyed early in the fifteenth century, and the little hamlet built upon its ruins is called by the Turks Eski Hessar.

A DAY DREAM.

BY DARD BEST.

FROM yonder hill I sat and watched the sun,
And saw its beams glance through the misty morn,
And kiss the roof beneath which I was born;
It gleamed awhile, and childhood's days were done

It danced a shadow dance in light and shade,
Then crossed the well-worn threshold of the school,
And glimmered up and down the dunce's stool;
Then left the yard in shadow where I played.

And next it wandered up the village street,
Gilding the old town-bell with burnished gold.
It paused within a garden, quaint and old,
'Neath arbor vines it found a rustic seat.

And long it lingered there; for it seemed loath
To leave that seat neglected and alone,
Where all about the falling leaves were blown,
The place where oft of yore it kissed us both.

The morning clouds rolled back and perfect noon
Settled o'er all the landscape; on the spire
The golden cross shone forth, a flame of fire,
As on our wedding day that far-off June.

Far spreads the sunshine over all the land,
Showing our broadening field of laboring life.
Working in God's sweet sunshine—husband, wife,
Toiling, happy-hearted, hand in hand.

The afternoon was long and sweet and blest,
But twilight called my darlings one by one;
And now I stand and watch the dying sun
Grow fainter in the ever-deepening west.

And down through darkening clouds the last, faint spark
Of sunlight gleams, and rests upon a stone
In that still graveyard. Now I walk alone
Down through the shadowy valley, deep and dark.

TIME wears slippers of list, and his tread is noiseless. The days come softly dawning, one after another; they creep in at the window; their fresh morning air is grateful to the lips that part to it; their music is sweet to the ears that listen to it; until, before we know it, a whole life of days has possession of the citadel, and time has taken us for its own.

OF PROVERBS AND ADAGES.

BY LOUISE V. BOYD.

"WITH a little hoard of maxims preaching down his daughter's heart," sings Tennyson, and with the magic of that pen-stroke we have before us a complete portrait, a worldly-minded, money-loving man. We know his character so thoroughly that we could name over the list of proverbs to which he was partial; we even see the cold glance of his eye, and note the sordid lines about his mouth, revealing the petty page of his past life, and spreading before us, too, the blank, scant pages, primly ruled, wherein he designs to have written the future of his family—but the pages, mark you, are gilt-edged.

Reader, dear, dost thou love to dwell upon the maxims of our fathers, and hast thou of pet proverbs a mighty store? If so, thou art to be pitied, not envied; or, that is my mood to-day—what I shall think about it to-morrow, I know not. "The wind bloweth where it listeth"—is not this a Scripture saying to my purpose?

Why should I take kindly to proverbs when my earliest recollection of one was when sobbing out some childish sorrow upon my mother's indulgent bosom, and thinking what a good place it was to cry, our visitor, the minister, who had "just enough of learning to misquote," muttered, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." This remark drove out of me a meek and contrite spirit, and I became possessed of—well—I went out from my mother's and that minister's presence a little howling demon, and per consequence, hated him and his voluntary saw forever after. I recollect still his text of the following Sunday, it was, "Remember Lot's wife." Ah, surely, I will remember the poor thing; also, the seemingly wicked, or, at least, cruel exultation with which he dwelt on her punishment—nor did he fail in this connection to add "the wages of sin is death," which, with his terrible emphasis, greatly frightened me. You may be sure he did not finish the sentence with its Heaven-reaching promise.

When, wild with delight, I saw a swallow glancing through the sunny spring-time air, I ran to tell my father; can I forget how he, too, who had been a "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles," seeming not to share in my gladness, looked up and said, warningly, "One swallow does not make a summer."

And are not the many pleasant recollections of my schooldays, overshadowed and made mournful by the tormenting proverbs I was doomed to encounter. My teacher was a maiden lady of stately mien, grave manners and vast acquirements. In her everyday language she had no use for any point save a period, therefore, she was just the person for proverbs, very short ones.

Oh, that teacher! how she looms up in the far-off, sunny land of my childhood, like the great mournful-visaged, impenetrable sphynx of the desert; and as it

gazes toward the pyramids, so did she look on the world about her—to her it was the mighty tomb of a dead glory. Now I think of her with sadness; yet, can I scarcely forgive her for throwing that unnecessary damper over me when I exhibited to her the gold ring that had been sent me in a letter from a loving grandfather, hundreds of miles away. "All is not gold that glitters," was the explosion from her thin lips; so my pleasure was wofully diluted; I looked with suspicion on the dear little circlet, and was not sorry when my finger outgrew it.

Afterward did I put upon my chubby hands a pair of mitts—these my grandmother had made; she had been to the city, and had procured this neatly-fitting mitt-pattern from the wife of the foreman of a glove factory. She had measured my hand lengthwise and widthwise with the greatest precision; she had cut the queer-shaped pieces out of scraps of nankeen, she had overseamed them wonderfully, and had ornamented them with green worsted, in what she called beggar-stitch.

I made my debut in the school-room next morning, presenting, in my own estimation, not only a tidy, but a most stylish appearance. How was "the rag taken off the bush" of my vanity, when, at the writing-hour, that teacher, seeing those wonderful mitts for which half my schoolmates were dying of envy, said *playfully*, as she placed the open copy-book before me, "A cat in gloves will catch no mice." In deep humiliation I removed my now disgraced mitts from my hands to my pocket, took up the neatly-mended quill-pen and began to write. I read the copy through tears; I despise it to this very hour. I beg good St. Paul's pardon, it was "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Could not the many good things Paul said of himself, the many glorious things he said by *inspiration*, have satisfied himself without his resorting to the writings of old Menander for this? But I am told that it is still quite fashionable among teachers and the getters-up of copy-books, when they reach the letter e, to give this old stager.

Out of school, during the long summer holidays, I was often reminded that "Fields look green at a distance," and that "Every white will have its black, and every sweet its sour," which I could, in time, have found out for myself. Oh, the great Lord John Russel would, I know, make me his best bow, could he revisit this dull earth and read my improvement on his definition of a proverb. "A proverb is the wisdom of many men and the wit of one," said he; it is one man's croaking of all men's disappointments, say I—for you will observe that cheery and hopeful adages are such a ridiculous minority, that we can but exclaim, "The weakest goes to the wall."

When my young brother started out into the great world to try his fortunes, instead of a kindly "God speed," he only heard, "A rolling stone gathers no

moss." And when my bankrupt uncle thought to take his stalwart sons and rosy daughters and in the far West begin life anew, his neighbors gravely shook their heads, remarking, "A drowning man catches at a straw;" or they reminded him by way of discouragement that "Three removes are as bad as a fire."

When the impertinent thorns of a young rose-bush caught and tore my dress sleeve, need I say some one was near to say, "A stitch in time saves nine;" and was not the pious John Wesley's memory kept green in our home by that watchword of housekeepers of which he was the originator, "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

One of the most popular and by all odds the most mature-sounding and euphonious of maxims with which my youthful mind became familiar, was, "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, and wealthy, and wise." But it don't. Indeed, I know this proverb to be a most miserable failure, for my sister's husband's cousin's wife's first husband tried it, and he was known to be almost a simpleton, never was healthy to speak of, and died poor. I congratulate myself now that I was never deluded into trying this experiment, never sacrificed the pleasure of being up when amusement offered, never dispensed with the luxury of a comfortable morning's nap till compelled by dire necessity, and think if I had done so I might now be constrained to confess that "I had paid too dear for my whistle," and when one comes to that pass one might as well confess their "cake to be dough."

When at last I had captivated my first beau, and when that beau went into the next school district to teach—"and thereby hangs a tale"—while I deemed him as "ever faithful as old dog Tray," whose fidelity you will remember has passed into a proverb, there were not wanting friends who, by way of toning down my self-complacency, whispered something of "Out of sight out of mind," or softly murmured, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." Said beau was so innocently absurd as to marry a girl named Mehitable Fell before spring. Friends then tried to urge me to a giddy height of ambition by declaring that "There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught."

Mehitable Fell! While I muse upon her as she was my once lover's "bright particular star," I feel certain she was descended from that historic individual of whom it was sung long ago by one Tom Brown—not at Oxford:

"I do not like you, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this one thing I know full well,
I do not like you, Dr. Fell."

I loved not Mehitable; but as her husband proved to be one of those who did not "Take care of the pence that the pounds might take care of themselves," I concluded, as doubtless she did before me, that she "had brought her pigs to a poor market;" so I pitied her, and "pity is akin to love."

Lingering along the Maiden Lane of girlhood till the afternoon shadows began to lengthen, waiting for

something to "turn up," ten persons warned me that "delays were dangerous," where one encouraged me by the blithe hope that there was "luck in leisure."

But "it is a long lane that has no turning," and finding a "Barkis willin'" I was no more "In maiden meditation fancy free," but became a wife. I do not grieve, but smile when I remember that the congratulations of my bridal day had either in good round English, or in an undertone, the burden of the adage, "Better late than never." Who cares?

Shall I tell how? Yes, I will tell, for "honesty is the best policy." With the crowing of my first baby came the reminders, "Every goose thinks its own young ones swans," or "Every crow thinks its own young ones white;" which I endured heroically, remembering that "While in Rome we must do as the Romans do."

Reader, patient and dear, thou hast perhaps garnered many of these sage sayings of old time into thy life pages, and perchance I am "bringing coals to New Castle," or, as said the ancient Jew, "carrying oil to the City of Olives." Let me, fearing this, be ruled by the rich conceit embodied in "Speech is silver, silence is gold."

IN EARLY DAYS.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

IN early days, when fancy held
My heart in bondage strong and sweet,
And youthful aspirations swelled
To glad fruition 'neath my feet,
No dream of fame allured my soul,
Beguiling it to heights above;
A sweeter influence had control,
And all my dreams were dreams of love.

The skies above were always bright;
The earth around me ever fair;
For hearts whose love is infinite
Can make an Eden anywhere.
I thought the future held for me
The calmest joys, the gentlest fate,
And planned that household gods should be
The precious things of my estate.

How strange is all on which I gaze!
The past—how far away it seems!
Ah me, but those were foolish days!
Ah me, but those were foolish dreams!
The loves that came to other men,
Around my doorway never grew;
I waited years and years—and then?
Why then I planned my life anew!

SUN-DIALS mark only the bright hours. Would it not be well if more people could imitate them? They would be surprised to find how many there are of these, and how much brightness there is in hours they are accustomed to think dark.

HEAVEN itself can afford no real delight to one who feels the service of God on earth to be irksome. He has no heart for Heaven, no taste for Heaven, no capacity for the enjoyment of Heaven.



A YEAR AGO.

BY E. B. D.

A YEAR ago, but one short year ago,
I stood alone, as I stand here to-night;
The sun toward the hills had sunken low,
And flooded all the west with yellow light.

There is the sun as golden and as bright;
The same soft rustle of the leaves I hear;
It might be that the flowers that meet my sight
Were the same ones that then my eyes did cheer.

A note of merry laughter comes from far;
 I hear of distant herds the tinkle low;
 Down in the vale where cool the shadows are
 The brook goes by with constant murmuring flow;
 The same bird sings that did one year ago;
 I hear the hum of insect life again;
 All things seem bright and beautiful; but, oh!
 'Tis not the same bright world that it was then!

Yes, all is changed, though outwardly the same;
 The bird no longer sings to listening ear;
 Though all the west with crimson is afame,
 The day seems like November, gray and drear.
 When I would see, there comes a blinding tear,
 Through which I only see a golden past;
 There comes a memory—when I would hear—
 Of hopes which were too beautiful to last.

A year ago, but one short year ago,
 I stood and waited in this self-same spot;
 Then was my life with beauty all aglow!
 I trusted love, for then love failed me not!
 I watched his coming ere he had forgot
 The well-worn path that led him to my side.
 Then came he always; now he cometh not;
 But in his absence only hope hath died.

Love dies not thus! Though in that parting hour
 Were spoken bitter words, if love be true
 They are forgotten ere at morn the flower
 From off her silken petals rolls the dew.
 Love dies not quickly. Ah, he never knew
 As deep a love as that I felt for him!
 Alas! I fear me, men who love are few!
 Why sigh in vain! why should my sight grow dim?

Night after night I've stood and waited here,
 And watched for him e'en as I waited then—
 Waited in trembling hope, and then in fear;
 Then in despair! He comes no more again!
 I've put the rose upon my breast in vain,
 In vain bound braids and jewels in my hair,
 That—though my heart ached with a numbing pain—
 When he should come he'd find me not less fair.

Come back to me, dear love! come back to me!
 My heart calls with a yearning, passionate cry
 My life is desolate for want of thee;
 My soul is grieved because thou art not nigh.
 My love waits only for a word to fly
 And nestle close to thy warm heart, my own!
 The night is coming on, the shadows die
 In deeper shades—and still I am alone!

EVER NEAR.

BY GEORGE R. GRAHAM.

ABOVE the surging of the sea,
 I hear sweet voices say to me,
 Be calm, my love, nor fear!
 The saddest hours move on apace,
 I soon shall see you face to face,
 And be forever near."

The darkest night must meet the day,
 So Doubt shall turn to Trust alway,
 In God's good land above;
 The eternal years that He controls
 Shall wrap in peace all fearful souls;
 Immortal shall be Love!

THE COMMON FROG (*RANA TEMPORARIA*).

THIS well-known animal belongs to the highest class of Reptilia, or reptiles—cold-blooded vertebrate animals, whose temperature depends on that of the medium in which they live, and which consequently become torpid and inactive in winter. Their respiration is aerial and incomplete, their blood being only partially oxygenated, for the venous blood is returned to the heart, which has two auricles and only one ventricle, where it is mixed with the arterial blood, and is, therefore, only partially aerated in the lungs. There is hardly a cattle-pond or a stream on the margin of which the frog may not be found, or in the waters of which it may not be seen swimming.

Naturalists have carefully traced the development of the frog from the egg to the adult state, and the history of these changes, all of which are easily verified, is exceedingly interesting and instructive. The eggs of the frog are usually deposited—toward the end of the month of March—in clusters, each of which consists of long strings of transparent, jelly-like matter, having interspersed throughout small, round, black dots, each being the central portion of a separate individual egg. This frog-spawn at first sinks to the bottom of the pond or stream where it is deposited; but the gelatinous covering of the eggs absorbs water, and each cluster therefore swells, and ultimately, becoming specifically lighter than the water, rises to the surface.

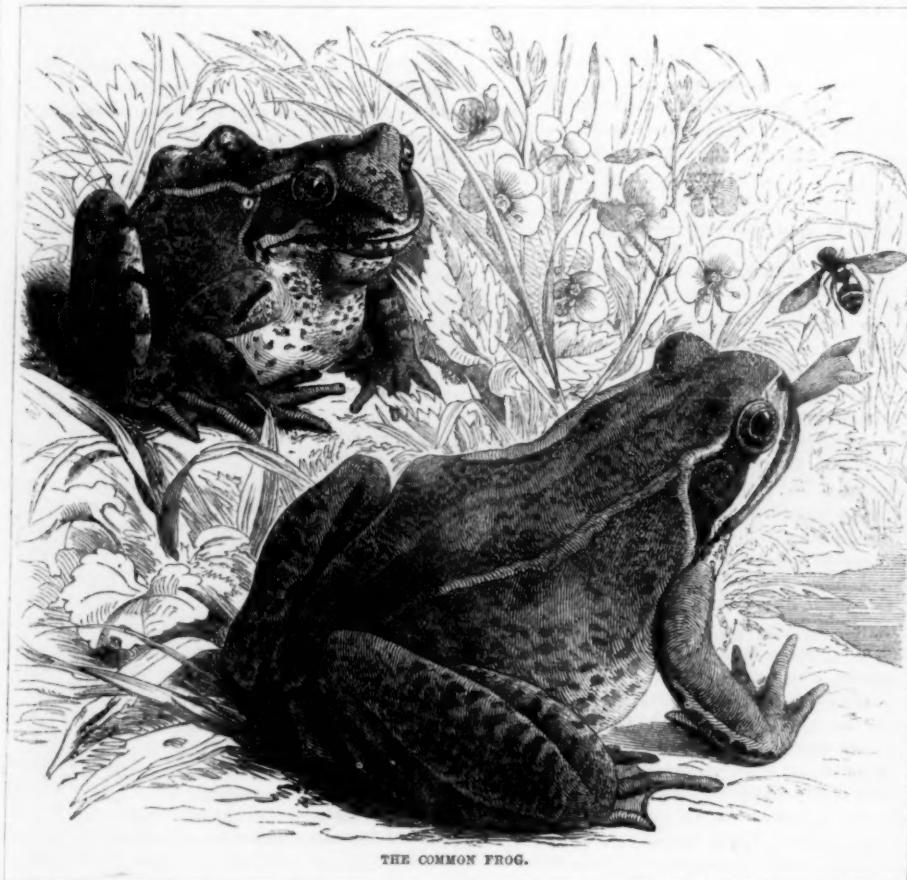
If in this stage some of the spawn is transferred from the water to a basin or a glass vessel, the changes from the egg to the tadpole and from the tadpole to the adult frog may be easily watched. The development of the tadpole commences in the little black globes, or centres. At first the head becomes prominent; a flattened tail is produced; and also branchial tufts, two on either side of the head, which imbibe oxygen from the water, like the gills of a fish. The little animal now begins to be sensible of the inconvenience of the curved position in which it is confined by the envelopes which surround it, and therefore struggles until it finally frees itself from them. On issuing from the egg it immediately eats its way through the remainder of its gelatinous surroundings, and commences active life as a tadpole in the water, feeding ravenously on the duckmeat (*Lemna*), which floats on its surface. The tufts on either side of the head soon diminish, and ultimately disappear, whilst the body and tail perceptibly increase, the latter becoming a powerful organ for locomotion. Both the tufted gills and the transparent membrane on either side of the tail are beautiful objects for the microscope, showing the circulation of the blood as it rolls through the arteries and their ramifications. Children especially are invariably delighted with the spectacle, and ever afterward become much interested in the previously-despised tadpoles.

In a few weeks the hind legs make their appearance, and soon after the fore legs; the tail gradually becomes less, and at last wholly disappears, and the metamorphosis of the tadpole into the frog is com-

pleted. And now instead of an aquatic animal, breathing by gills and feeding on vegetables, we have a terrestrial animal, breathing by lungs, and altogether carnivorous.

The frog, or mature animal, has a broad, short, depressed body without a tail. The posterior legs are much larger and more muscular than the anterior pair, the five toes of both pairs being webbed. Thus organized, the frog is well adapted for life either in the water or on the land, the length and great muscularity of its hind legs aiding it alike in swimming through the water and in leaping on the land.

The manner in which frogs and toads feed is well deserving of notice. In both animals the tongue is doubled back upon itself, and is covered at its extremity with a viscid glutinous secretion. This tongue is suddenly shot forth, so as to touch the prey, and the latter, adhering firmly to it, is immediately captured and carried back with the tongue into the mouth. The motion of throwing out the tongue upon the insect, and then withdrawing it within the mouth, takes place with lightning-like rapidity, so that the eye can scarcely follow it without the most careful watching.



THE COMMON FROG.

Its food now consists of insects and various kinds of slugs, of which it destroys incredible numbers; it is, therefore, very usefully employed on the grounds of the farmer, as it is aiding in the preservation of his crops by destroying those enemies which attack them. Frogs, for this reason, whenever met with, should not be molested. And the same observations apply to that much maligned and despised animal, the common toad (*Bufo vulgaris*), which is not poisonous, but, on the contrary, is as harmless and useful as the frog, and equally entitled to our kindly consideration.

There is also a peculiarity in the respiration of the frog which we must not omit to mention. The frog breathes by the skin as well as the lungs, which is, therefore, always kept moist, for this purpose, by means of constant supplies from an internal reservoir of pure water within the animal. So also, as the frog is without ribs, its breathing by the lungs is not carried on by the alternate expansion of the chest; and, therefore, if the animal be closely watched, no movement of the body indicative of respiration can be perceived. The fact is the air is taken into the mouth

through the nostrils, the mouth being shut for that purpose; the nostrils and throat are then closed, and the air is forced or swallowed down into the lungs. As this movement can only be made when the mouth is shut, it follows that when a frog is gagged, with its mouth open, respiration becomes impossible, and the animal dies of suffocation.

The sudden appearance of frogs after violent rains in places where they were previously unknown, in the greatest numbers, is not at all an uncommon occurrence, and formerly it was believed that they had fallen from the clouds with the rain. Naturalists now entertain a more reasonable view of these appearances, which may be given in substance as follows: Undoubtedly these frogs had undergone their final metamorphosis, and had left the water, where they had been developed as tadpoles for the land. There they lay, exhausted by the drought, motionless under stones and clods, and in the chinks of the earth, until, revived by the welcome rain, all suddenly became reanimated, thus forcing themselves on public attention by their countless numbers.

It appears from the following account of a frog, given by Mr. Bell, on the authority of Dr. W. Roots, of Kingston, that these animals are quite capable of being thoroughly domesticated, if they are only well fed and kindly treated:

"The lower offices"—of the house belonging to Dr. Roots—"were what is commonly called underground, on the banks of the Thames. This little reptile occasionally issued from a hole in the skirting of the kitchen, and was noticed by the servants; but, during the first year of his sojourn, he constantly withdrew upon their approach." However, "on their showing him kindness, and offering him such food as they thought he could partake of, he gradually acquired habits of familiarity and friendship, and, during the following three years, he came out regularly every day, at the hour of meal time, and partook of the food which the servants gave him. But one of the most remarkable features in this artificial state of existence was his strong partiality for warmth; as, during the winter seasons, he regularly—and contrary to the cold-blooded tendency of his nature—came out of his hole in the evening, and made for the hearth in front of a good kitchen fire, where he would continue to bask and enjoy himself until the family retired to rest. There happened to be at the same time a favorite old domestic cat, and a sort of intimacy and attachment existed between these incongruous inmates—the frog frequently nestling under the warm fur of the cat, while the cat appeared extremely jealous of interrupting the comfort and convenience of the frog.

Our engraving represents the edible, or green frog (*Rana esculenta*), which, although rare in England, is exceedingly common on the continent and in this country, and is in high request for its flesh, the hind quarters only being used. Generally, it is of a beautiful green, irregularly marked with black or dark-brown spots, and ornamented on the back with three stripes of a rich golden-yellow.

THE NEW.

BY CATHERINE KINGSTON FILER.

O H, circling seasons, come and pass!
Bear in decades and bear them out,
Let change link all the years about—
New friends, new hopes new happiness,
New songs, new voices, making sweet
Our lives, till hearts with wilder beat
Forget the old delights and joys
In deeper, grander ecstacies.

New friends!—how grow the old friends cold;
How change the lights within their eyes,
The laughter in their low replies,
That thrilled our pulse in days of gold.
They change—bring in the new, the dear,
Their kindly words, their smiles of cheer,
To be with us while Summer glows
And pass when come the Winter snows.

New hopes!—how fair the old, how deep,
How lighted like a tropic ocean,
Where, mingled in a sweet commotion,
The sunbeams with the ripples sweep.
They drooped, they passed, they paled as mist;
They died, cold as the dead we've kist
In agony! Oh, calm-eyed hours,
Let new hopes bloom like passion flowers!

New songs!—the olden songs were sweet,
With love's deep ecstasy were glad,
With love's delirious pains were sad,
And metred to our hearts' wild beat
What time our hearts were wild with blisses.
New songs of deeper happinesses!
Take out the pain so anguish-sweet,
To laughter mete the cadenced beat.
New loves!—the old love wanes apace;
The blush nor in our heart doth waken—
No more the burning pulse is shaken
As flame by smiles on some fair face;
The touch of hands thrills not as old,
The sky has lost its rose and gold—
Again one lies in visioned dreams—
Whence comes her prince to wake the streams?

Whence comes her prince, with regal mien,
With kisses ripening on his mouth,
And all the passion of the South
In those dark eyes that seek his queen?
Lo! through her dreams the fateful light
Of love dawns quivering to her sight;
Warm thrills her lips with waking sighs,
Her soul is tranced in rhapsodies!

Sweep on, ye long and lingering years,
Ye cycling seasons dim and cold!
Let Summer tint the skies with gold
Of clouds that hold no rainy tears;
But, pierced by the empyreal beams,
Float in the heaven like tranquil dreams
Within the aerial poet's mind,
Where lute-voiced Poesie lies reclined.

A MODEL bill, made out by an old farmer against his neighbor, read as follows: "Neighbor A. Dr. to B. to horse and wagon goin' to mill once since and twice before, one dollar."

SACRIFICIAL WORSHIP.

BY E. R. KEYES.

THE earliest historical allusions to sacrificial worship give us no information concerning its origin. They refer to it as a custom already established, but are silent as to the date of its institution and the authority on which it rests. We learn from the Sacred Scriptures that "Abel brought of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof, and that the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering." We are also told that Noah, on leaving the ark, "builded an altar unto the Lord, and took of every clean beast and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt offerings on the altar." But these brief and isolated references to this subject, were we permitted to understand them as ordinary historical statements, would throw no light on the origin of animal sacrifices. They would simply show that at a very early period this form of worship was understood and practised. But the obvious symbolical character of the first eleven chapters of Genesis, renders these statements valueless as evidence of the exact date of any historical fact, or of the origin of any religious custom.

A divine origin has, however, been claimed for sacrificial worship. It has been held that immediately subsequent to the fall, our first parents were instructed of God to approach Him through bloody sacrifices, and to look through them to the one great effectual sacrifice of Christ. But if this be true, the proof of the fact is wanting; and in the absence of any divine decree authorizing this custom, we may well doubt its divine origin. Certainly we may reasonably require those who make God the author of this form of worship to produce the divine warrant on which it rests, or show conclusively that such a warrant was once issued. In like manner it ought to be required of those who ascribe to it a human origin, that they shall explain the manner and grounds of its institution.

In the present state of human intelligence concerning the character of God, it is difficult to conceive that He could have been the author of this system of animal sacrifices. The altar stained with blood and laden with the flesh of animals newly slain, the dying gasp of bleeding bird and beast, the smoke and offensive odor of the burning sacrifice, the priests reeking with blood and grasping the deadly knife, the multitude of slaughtered victims, and the confused sound of lowing herds and bleating flocks driven to the feast of death, all form a spectacle at which we stand aghast, and which we cannot believe to be pleasing in the sight of God. The whole scene is incongruous with His character. It befits only a malign and sensual deity. "God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him, must worship in spirit and in truth." "God is Love," and can find no satisfaction in the flowing blood and dying struggles of His creatures. Besides, He expressly says in Jeremiah viii., 22, "I spake not unto your fathers nor commanded them, in the

day that I brought them out of the land of Egypt, concerning burnt offerings and sacrifices; but this thing commanded I them, saying, Obey my voice, and I will be your God, and ye shall be my people; and walk ye in all the ways that I have commanded you, that it may be well with you." The language of David (Psalm li., 16, 17,) is equally explicit: "Thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it; thou delightest not in burnt offering. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, oh, God, thou wilt not despise." And throughout the Scriptures, both of the Old and New Testament, stress is nowhere laid upon a strict observance of the rites of sacrifice, but it is everywhere laid upon obedience to the moral law as the only means of securing the divine favor. He reproves frequently and with awful severity the sins of adultery, theft, lying, deceit, oppression and fraud; but for the neglect of sacrifices and burnt offerings, He declares explicitly, (Psalm l., 8), "I will not reprove thee." Micah admirably sets forth the uniform purport of inspired utterance on this subject when he says, (vi., 8), "He hath showed thee, oh, man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God." Anciently as well as now, therefore, the religious and moral virtues, or supreme love to God and genuine charity toward man, constituted the sum and substance of saving religion. All else was but the shadow.

But the fact remains that the Jewish sacrificial system in its revised and perfected form, was promulgated by Moses, acting as the minister of Jehovah. It is necessary, therefore, to reconcile this fact with the views already presented. The principles on which this reconciliation is effected will appear as we unfold the origin and nature of sacrificial worship.

We have spoken of love as the essence of all true religion, since it is love that unites man to man, and man to God. But love is unselfish and generous. Its only delight is to give freely of its riches to others. This is the eternal law of its operation. The divine love is ever in the effort to communicate to men the good which their state requires; and the effort takes effect in proportion to their desire and endeavor to appropriate the proffered good. So also human love seeks to evidence its reality and strength by suitable expressions. We desire to reciprocate God's goodness. But we are unable to offer Him, in return for His favors, anything which we ourselves have created. All our good desires, holy afflictions and right thoughts, as well as all our earthly riches, are from Him alone; and no offering that we can make as an expression of our love to Him, can add to His eternal self-sufficiency, or make Him our debtor. We can only render back to Him His own gifts, imprinted with the evidences of our gratitude

and the seal of our personal appropriation and endorsement. We can only show what we would do for Him were He in need of our assistance, and we able to relieve His wants.

In the Adamic age of the race this principle of love found expression in methods suited to its divine nature. Loving God supremely and having a clear and intimate consciousness of His presence, men worshipped Him "in spirit and in truth." They paid Him the silent, grateful homage of the heart. They offered Him internal worship from pure and loving affections. His law was their delight. They entered cordially into His beneficent designs, and sought to manifest their love to Him by serving those whom He desired to bless. Their religion had no ritual, save the deeds of a good life; for it needed no other. Their worship required no temple save that of the purified mind. They needed no priests nor religious teachers, for to all were given immediate revelations from Heaven, and clear perception from the Lord Himself for the verification of every truth revealed. They lived on earth the life of angels.

In virtue of their open communication with the spiritual world, they were acquainted with the relations subsisting between it and the realm of nature. They recognized the latter as the vesture of the former. The natural world was the effect of which the spiritual world was the cause. From material objects, therefore, their thoughts passed at once to the spiritual objects corresponding to them; and from natural phenomena to the higher but imminent world of spiritual and substantial realities. Everything in nature was discovered to be the ultimate and fit correspondent of something in the mental world, or world of divine ideas and causes. Man was the finite image and likeness of God, and every visible object wore an intensely human aspect, revealing some distinctive human quality. The sun, moon and stars represented the sun, moon and stars of the spiritual world, or the spiritual principles of love, faith and intelligence. Mountains symbolized strong and enduring affections in the will; gold, the good of celestial love, or supreme love to the Lord; silver, spiritual truth; stones, truth in its lowest natural expression, or the lowest forms of the understanding; trees in general, the affections and perceptions of the mind; while particular trees, such as the olive, the vine and the fig-tree, signified certain specific qualities or states of affection and thought.

In like manner every bird and every beast was viewed as the symbol of something existing in man, or as the proper natural form of some particular human affection or principle. The eagle mounting toward the sun with undazzled eye, fitly represented the rational faculty in its search for truth; the pigeon, states of innocence; the dove, the tender principles of love and faith in the early stages of regeneration. The lamb, kid and calf, and also the full-grown of these species, signified the three general classes of human affections: the lamb, the affections of the most interior degree of the mind, where innocence and love to the Lord reign supreme; the kid,

the affections of the next lower degree, where conscience, formed and enlightened by divine truth, governs; and the calf, the affections of the natural degree, in which the external or moral virtues have their seat.

To men enjoying such intimate communion with God and with Heaven, and such insight into the symbolism of nature, any ritual created by human art would have been poor and unimpressive. It would have seemed but childish folly. The whole system of nature was a splendid ceremonial, fashioned by divine wisdom. Every day, every season, every year, every landscape furnished ever-varying forms appropriate to the ritual of a pure and rational religion. Every natural object and phenomenon led the thoughts of the beholder to the higher verities of the spiritual world, and up to the Lord Himself as the archetype and cause of all things beautiful and good on earth and in the heavens. To minds in this state of spiritual discernment, sacrificial worship was impossible. It would have been inexpressibly revolting, a horrible mockery of God. The only sacrifices which befitted their state were the offerings of heartfelt gratitude and loving obedience.

But the Adamic church began at length to decline from this celestial state. The consciousness of God grew indistinct. Perception of the good and the true became dim. Vision of the spiritual world was sealed up. Pure internal worship ceased. Men became more and more external in their character and life. A new Dispensation was therefore established, called the Noetic or Silver Age. In this age men still retained a knowledge of the symbolism of nature, but it was mere intellectual knowledge. They had no clear discernment of the spiritual verities which natural objects symbolized. They knew that the sun of this world represented the spiritual sun; but the latter was no longer visible to them. They knew the spiritual significance of the various kinds of animals, but had no vision of the corresponding spiritual realities. They still offered sincere worship to Jehovah, but availed themselves of the liturgy of nature to aid the spirit of devotion. Knowing that mountains signified the highest affections of the will, or love to the Lord, and thence the Lord Himself, and that groves were the natural correspondence of the perceptive powers of the mind exercised in approaching the Lord, they worshipped Him in groves situated upon the highest convenient hills or mountains. But their worship, though external and representative, was not without a genuine internal principle of devotion. It was spiritual, but clothed in simple and appropriate natural forms.

Animal sacrifices, however, did not properly belong to the Silver Age, nor were they practised until near the close of that period, when the race had fallen into gross and natural conceptions of God. The people or church called Heber was probably the first, according to the Sacred Scriptures, to institute sacrificial worship. This church retained the word Jehovah as the true name of God, and worshipped Him by sacrificial rites, while the surrounding nations

lost the knowledge of this name, and fell into idolatry. (*Exodus* iii., 18; v., 2, 3; viii., 26). Not content with the simple but expressive forms of the preceding ages, the Hebrews added to the hill and the grove, the altar and the offering of sacrifices. The altar was the Lord's table (*Mal. i., 7*); the animals offered were His meat and bread; the odor of the sacrifice was for a "sweet smelling savor" to Him; the animal was slain simply that it might be offered and burned upon the altar; the burning signified the Lord's acceptance and consumption of the offering. The worshipper laid his hands on the head of the victim ready to be slain, not to signify the transfer of his sins to it—this would have rendered the animal unclean, like the scape-goat, and unfit to be offered to the Lord—but to signify the transfer to it, and the expression thereby to the Lord, of the good affections which the worshipper cherished and which the animal fitly represented. The sacrificial act further signified his sense of indebtedness to God, his love for Him and his desire to please Him. "It testified his humble acknowledgment and his reverent surrender to God; but that was all." (*Life and Light of Men* 242). Confession of sin, though implied, doubtless, as a subjective process preliminary to all true worship, was not symbolized by sacrifice. Not sin, but holiness; not evil, but good, was thus representatively offered to the Lord, with the acknowledgment that all that is good in man, is of and from Him alone. The only instance in the whole system of ceremonial worship instituted by Moses, where confession and transfer of sin was made and symbolized, was when the hands were laid on the head of the scape-goat, which was never offered to God, but sent away into the wilderness as a thing accursed.

Thus regarded, sacrificial worship is free from many of the objections which lie against the perversions into which it has fallen. But in its best form, it indicates a lamentable decline from the spiritual worship which preceded it. It presents the divine character under a degraded and sensual aspect, revealing, however, the change that has been going on in the spiritual condition of the race and in its conceptions of God, rather than any infirmity in the essential attributes and perfections of divinity. It is precisely such a system as might have originated with men in their gradual alienation from God, and is entirely congruous with the corrupt state into which they are known to have fallen at a very early period. It is an eclipse of God, throwing its shadow across the field of human history for thousands of years—an eclipse caused by and adapted to man's diseased and obscure mental vision. It is repugnant to all just conceptions of the divine character, and cannot be regarded as an expression of God's will.

This style of worship once instituted, it is easy to see that it could not long retain the comparatively harmless form it first assumed. It was at best a burdensome and needless invention, or, if necessary at all, only rendered so by the very evils and perversions in men by which they had separated themselves from God, and become averse to genuine spiritual worship

as well as incapacitated for it. Hence, sacrificial worship soon degenerated into idolatry. The causes which led to its institution continued operative, and were stimulated to fuller developments. Images of animals were fashioned and set up in the temples of religion, and instead of being regarded as the symbolical forms of certain divine attributes, came at last to be revered as veritable deities, or at least as their visible shrines. Jehovah was grossly misconceived and blasphemed. He was divided against Himself, and made to conform to the sensual, dark and malign character which human nature had assumed. Hence animals and even human victims were slaughtered at the altars of religion to appease the wrath of Heaven and expiate the guilt of men.

Even the Hebrew race, of whom was Abraham, fell into this current of evil and perverse practices, and followed after false gods. The original principles of sacrificial worship became obscured and perverted among them. Abram himself needed to be taught that human sacrifices were neither required by Jehovah nor acceptable to Him. There was imminent danger that all worship of the true God, external as well as internal, would perish from the earth, and that the most shocking and bloody idolatrous rites would usurp its place. To avert this result, a particular family of the Hebrew nation, viz.: the seed of Abraham, was set apart to be instructed in the principles of true religion. In accommodation to their degraded and evil states, Jehovah permitted them to retain sacrificial worship, from which it was impossible to detach them at once without utterly destroying them, but commissioned Moses so to regulate it as to rescue it from the flagrant perversions into which it had been carried, and cause it to express, under representative rites, the principles of genuine internal worship. By this means communication was maintained between Heaven and earth, the Jewish people were kept in some degree of external morality and sanctity, and the race was prepared for the introduction of the Christian dispensation.

Animal sacrifices, therefore, were not first instituted in the time of Moses. He found them already in general use when he entered upon his work, and under divine direction he simply regulated what could not be at once abolished. Only the form, and not the substance of sacrificial worship, was made the subject of divine legislation. This view enables us to reconcile some scriptural statements which would otherwise stand in conflict with each other, and shows how it can be true, that animal sacrifices were not of divine origin, nor in themselves agreeable to the divine will, and yet that Moses was instructed by Jehovah to prepare an elaborate ritual for sacrificial worship.

The offering of animals, however, was at best but an expensive and elaborate ritual of religion, and not genuine religion itself. Its importance as compared with a life of obedience to the moral law, was as the value of the Sunday worship or liturgical services in which men now engage, is to that of the daily habits and uses of a life of charity. It was a mere external

form, having no worth save that which might be imparted to it from principles of goodness and truth, already wrought into the character and conduct of the worshipper. Its whole effect, too, was manward. It operated no change in God. It purchased no favors at His hands. It served, however, as a standing remainder to the Jewish people and to their idolatrous neighbors, of their indebtedness to God as the source of all life and blessing. It signified also the supreme and sole lordship of Jehovah, in that some of the very animals which were regarded as objects of worship among the heathen, and whose images were set up in their temples, were required to be offered daily at His altar.

But the question still remains, What relation did the Jewish sacrifices sustain to the person and work, sufferings and death of the Lord Jesus Christ?

If the bloody rites of sacrificial worship, and the sensual states of the people, which rendered them possible, were obnoxious to Jehovah, it will scarcely be claimed that these very rites were the divinely-appointed antetype of the sacrifice of Christ viewed as a substitute provided by God to expiate the sins of men. If they were designed to prefigure the vicarious character of Christ's sufferings and death, the inspired writers could not so often have spoken disparagingly of them, or declared obedience to be better than sacrifice. If, too, the Jewish people had hope of salvation only on the ground that their sacrifices were typical of the promised and sole efficacious sacrifice of Christ, then they needed to cherish the profoundest reverence for them, observe them most strictly, and exalt them in importance far above the moral law. Instead of this, as we have seen, chief stress is laid by the prophets on the elements of spiritual goodness and the practical duties of a virtuous life. "Wash you; make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well," (Isaiah i, 18,) is the burden of their admonitions. If, moreover, the sacrifice of animals was a divine institution, intended as a perpetual representation and prophecy of the sacrifice of Christ as our substitute, then it has failed of its purpose; for none of the prescribed forms of sacrifice was observed at the death of Christ. Or, if we allow that his death was the proper fulfilment of the representative rites of sacrifice, then the murderers of our Lord become for the time being Jehovah's sacred priests; and the ignominious cross His holy altar. But, if every mind revolts, as it surely must, from such a conception; and if, "by wicked hands" our Lord "was crucified and slain," then we are forced to the conclusion that the crucifixion of Christ, and the sacrifice of animals in worship, were both alike indicative of man's deep degradation and sinfulness, and hence offensive in the sight of God. Not that we regard the two things as equally criminal, for they were not; but they were both the fruit of the same evil and darkened state of the human mind, and not the work of a merciful and righteous God. And, conversely, if the crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ, instead of being a divinely-appointed sacrificial act,

expiatory of human guilt, was the very concentration of all wickedness, an act of high treason against Jehovah, and hence in the last degree abhorrent to Him, with what consistency can we suppose that He instituted the Jewish sacrifices, and constituted them the sacred and impressive types of the most glaring crime that His creatures could commit against Him?

If, therefore, the sacrificial system was representative of the work of Christ, as it doubtless was, it must have been so in some other sense than that here considered. What its true representative force was in reference to Christ, will readily appear, from what has already been said concerning the origin and primary significance of sacrificial rites. We have seen that these rites were intended as a liturgical expression of the religious feelings. They represented the consecration of the worshipper, the hallowing of his affections and thoughts, the surrender of the natural to the influx and control of the spiritual mind, the exercise of love and gratitude toward God. The animals brought to the altar were such as corresponded to sentiments of sincere worship, though the offering of them did not necessarily imply that the act proceeded from proper motives. The Jewish sacrifices therefore symbolized those spiritual sacrifices which are required of all men, and which are alone of value in the sight of God. And they represented the sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ in precisely the same sense and way that they typified the sacrifice which every one of us is required to make of himself to God. As we are commanded to "present our bodies"—(i. e. our whole being)—"a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is our reasonable"—(i. e. rational or spiritual, as opposed to a mere ceremonial and carnal)—"service;" so Christ yielded himself unto God as "a lamb without blemish and without spot." He subjected his finite human nature absolutely to His divine essence, thus glorifying it and making it divine. He sacrificed all mere natural affections, and put off all mere human and finite states of life. In Him, therefore, divinity became human, and humanity became divine. He who was divine in first principles became divine also in the last or lowest—and Jehovah is henceforth present among His creatures as a Divine Natural Man.

But Christ's sacrifice, though analogous in form to that required of men, is not to be measured as to the value and efficacy by any finite standard. In His Divine Humanity He has become, in a measure, infinitely greater than any mere creature ever can, the living medium of divine influences for the regeneration of men.

This view of the relation of the Jewish sacrifices to the sacrifice of Christ, and of their proper representative meaning, harmonizes the teachings of revelation with the conclusions of reason, and the requirements of divine justice with the instincts of a purified and loving heart. While it is impossible to conceive of God as instituting or approving this ritual of blood, as it is impossible to imagine Him delighting in the deeds of those who nailed His Son to the cross, we can yet see how He could consistently avail Himself of existing

forms of worship from which men could not be at once divorced, to construct a system of religious symbols, which should truly represent the principles of spiritual worship, and typify the sacrificial work of Christ as well as the service required of every individual man. He therefore seized upon the very signs of man's apostacy, and forges them into instruments by which the race shall be subdued unto Himself. He tolerates sacrifices only because He can make them the means of their own overthrow—the channel of ideas and influences that shall educate men to reject them as unnecessary and absurd. That this end was reached in the latter stages of the Mosaic dispensation, history attests. Tradition also declares that after the destruction of Jerusalem and the Temple of God by the Romans, an eminent Jewish Rabbi assembled his surviving brethren amid the ruins, on the site where the solemnities of sacrifice had been so long performed, and, with the consent of all, proclaimed that thenceforth the offering of sacrifices was not obligatory, and that works of charity should be considered their equivalent and substitute.

A NOBLE ART.

BY AUBREY FORESTIER.

ONCE I remembered among my friends a lady who had known many afflictions, cares and heart-griefs, and yet, whose brightness of demeanor and cheerfulness were unflagging, whose very presence was a sunbeam. This lady talked often of her art. When praised for any striking course of action, she would reply, with touching simplicity: "Yes, I learned that from my art."

As a child, I often wondered what this art could be; growing older, I set myself to work to find out. It was not the art of music, passionately fond as she was of that divine art, and on as lofty a pedestal as she placed it; for, being somewhat at home within its magic realms myself, I knew that she was not sufficiently skilled therein to designate it as her own; nor was it the art of painting, nor yet of sculpture.

"Miss Margaret," I inquired one day, "what is your art?"

A sweet smile flitted across her face, as she touchingly asked for reply, "And have I so poorly exemplified it all these years, that you need ask?"

"I am sure, now," cried I, "that it is, after all, what has often suggested itself to my mind, 'The art of making the most of life!'"

"You are right," she answered, well pleased; "and this I consider the greatest of arts—all others are sent to earth to aid us in perfecting it."

This made a deep impression upon me, one that I have never forgotten. Since then I have become an observer in life, and have frequently had occasion to marvel how few comprehend or endeavor to live by this art. Many fields of science and art are open to those whose talents guide them into such directions; but this one field is open to all, and they who best make use of their own individual talents are best fitted to enter nobly upon it. To make the most of

life, we must court the sunshine. There is sorrow enough given into every human life without our needing to cling to each separate grief, and gloat over its memory. By holding fast to the sunbeams that stray across our paths, we can accomplish marvels in the way of lighting up the dark places of life. There is much to enjoy, much to make one happy in this beautiful world, despite its cares and bitternesses, and our highest duty to ourselves, as well as to those who surround us, is to make the most and the best of life, and to be as happy as we can.

The next stage of existence lies stretched before us as an unknown sea, that it will be fuller, grander, more complete than this every instinct of our nature teaches us to believe—otherwise we know nothing of its requirements. The present, however, is ours; we know its duties and needs; we know that the more we struggle to fulfil these the stronger we grow, the more good we can accomplish. We know, too, that the good God never gave us intellect without purposing that we should use it and make the best of it, as of all else with which He has endowed us. Undoubtedly, therefore, they who best grasp "The art of making the most of Life," will be best fitted for the requirements of another state of being when called to enter upon it.

SOMETIME.

BY MRS. HATTIE F. BELL.

SOME time we may look back upon these days,
And think them brighter than we deem them now;
Some time, when youth has flitted from our gaze,
And care has ploughed deep on our brow.
We may recall this self-same hour again,
And thro' the roseate veil of vanished years
See many a blessing which we now call pain,
And much of sunshine where we now have tears.

The days are gliding by on noiseless wing—
Some go in gladness, and some go in grief;
Could we but realize the good they bring,
And that, at best, the longest life is brief.
Might we not live and love, and satisfied,
Win calm contentment for our daily guest,
Which, like a sweet song-bird at eventide,
Shall sit and carol in the old home-nest.

Oh! let us, as we journey on our way,
Along the crooked paths of busy life,
Remember always this, to "watch and pray;"
For this alone will help us thro' the strife.
And then, some time, in after years to come,
When we in memory shall retrace the past,
We'll find the nearer that we get toward Home,
Each year has still been better than the last.

By two wings a man is lifted up from things earthly; namely, by simplicity and purity. Simplicity doth tend toward God; purity doth apprehend and (as it were) taste Him.—THOMAS A' KEMPIS.

WHO is wise? He that learns from every one.
Who is powerful? He that governs his passion.
Who is rich? He that is content.

MY THORN.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

HE Weston, was poor; I knew it when I married him; but he told me we three could all live together so nicely—he and I and his sister Joanna.

I had never met Joanna but once, and then I had so little time—just while the cars stopped at noon—that we had no opportunity of becoming acquainted. She was tall and straight, her voice low and musical, and her step as soft as a cat's. Surely I'd like sister Joanna.

But before we had lived in the same house a fortnight, I found her to be my antipode. I liked to listen to the soothing patter of the rain on the roof; it made her lonesome. I liked to have that loose limb of the great overgrown lilac bush against the window, and make its leafy shadow creep across the carpet; she tied it back fast to the main body, because it made her think there was a man sneaking about the window. I liked to see the tall spikes of flowering hollyhocks stand close up to the white walls of our house; she hacked them off with the butcher knife because they were common, and not suggestive of thrift. I liked to see the branches of the weeping willow trail across the path, and sweep their plumy lengths on the grass; but Joanna couldn't see people pass along the road, and recognize them "for sure," until the lower and larger branches of the willow were cut away; and, though it made me most sensitively shrink away from the task, they were cut away at my suggestion.

I shuddered when I thought that perhaps all the years of my wedded life, were they many or few, would be spent under the same roof with my husband's sister, Joanna. Oh, I thought I'd really rather live out in the woods in a hollow tree in the winter, and beside a mossy log in the summer, than to endeavor to stand this! I was too honorable to complain. I thought I would lay my hand over my mouth, and my face in the dust, before I would ever let my mother or my husband know of this. It would trouble them, and would do me no good. I comorted myself this way.

I patched up a theory, and with it covered my propensity to growl, and fret, and worry; and this was it—that we all have a one trouble; there was no life-path so sunny that shadow did not fall across it, and my trouble was—his sister, Joanna.

I looked around among my friends to compare loads with them, and—would you believe it?—I was not willing to exchange burdens with any of them. Mrs. A. had a jealous, snarling husband; mine was a jewel of a boy. Mrs. B.'s husband was illiterate and lazy, and cared so little for her comfort that he was as a dead body, repulsive, yet not to be shaken off; mine was alive to my comfort and welfare. Mrs. C.'s husband married her to spite another girl, not for love; mine would have lived and died a discon-

solate bachelor had he not won me, the woman of his choice, the girl of his heart. Mrs. D.'s husband was so niggardly that he'd hardly allow her enough rich soil in which to grow a geranium, and she had to give an account of every dime she spent; me and mine were mutual partners in the contents of the family wallet; I was trusted without blame or stint. Mrs. E. had to care for a bed-ridden mother-in-law, and all her bloom and freshness was wasting away under the thankless work. Mrs. F.'s husband was so homely that every little whiffet of a dog would run out and bark and snap at his heels as he passed along the streets; mine was kingly in his beauty and his grace. And so I went on all through my circle of acquaintances, and finally brought up the list with myself, Chatty Reynolds, blessed among women and wives.

Yea, I could bear the whims and ways of his sister Joanna; my shadow was not near as large as a man's hand, and comforting myself thus I seemed to look out upon a life-landscape picture, serene and sunny. I determined not to fret because all was not purple and gold, and wine and honey; be sure, his sister Joanna was my bug-bear, but I'd show myself, Chatty Reynolds, that this could be borne bravely. So, braced and nerved, and serenely smiling, I went on my way, how evenly you shall see.

One day I was making curtains for the dining-room windows; I was measuring them off to hang so they would almost touch the floor, when she hailed me with, "Char-rrity Runnels! what do you mean? Nonsense! Curtains of that length in a dining-room! Let me make 'em to suit myself—a sensible set o' curtains."

I did so dislike to yield, but my better self prevailed, and I said: "Well, make them just as you like; I'll be satisfied."

She made them as her mother had made curtains in her girlhood—to hang up, probably, over oiled-paper windows. They just reached to the sills of the windows, and looked like little girls' aprons. I never did like to see window-curtains starched at all—just allowed to hang soft and gracefully—but these were as stiff as paper. I always felt annoyed every time I looked at the little bristling frills in our dining-room, but I persuaded myself that this was a trifling thing not worth the minding, and so that matter was considered settled.

Onions! the smell of them always gave me the headache; but Joanna said she "loved onions," and she often ate them twice a day; sometimes she would crunch a raw one, and she ate it as though the juice was relishable.

I never could bear saur kraut about the house, but Joanna would have a barrel full made every fall. I had always been accustomed to wearing jewelry, but her pointed denunciation against it in the female

prayer-meeting induced me to lay mine aside in a forbearing way, now that I was a married woman, and should not, perhaps, care for the things that pleased me in my girlhood.

I took pride in trying to have a good garden. Joanna took walks in my garden daily, and she never forbore to report that the lettuce never would make its way up through that hard crust; that the potato bugs had come on "forty thousand strong," and commenced depredations; that the cut-worms had e'en about finished the last row of marrowfats, and would soon begin on the Tom Thumbs; that she was sure we wouldn't have an early radish, and that it did beat all natur' how the weeds had got a start of the flowers, for even the Johnny-jump-ups were smothering in a mat of knot-grass.

I never heard a favorable report from the garden once in my life, though we always had the earliest and freshest and crispest vegetables in the neighborhood.

If I made a rhubarb-pie it was sure to be a "leetle stringy, Char-riaty," a currant-pie was "kind o' puckery;" the strawberries and cream were sandy and "gritted between the teeth like all-possessed;" the Early York made into delicious slaw was tasty but "mighthn't an angle-worm n' got into it somehow, unbeknown," and the bare suspicion made her nose turn up, and the corners of her mouth draw down in a scared way.

She always barred the doors at night and placed a table against the kitchen-door, and put nails in the windows, and fastened the blinds, and stuck a stick in the key-hole "for fear some man would come pokin' round."

Honestly, I did wish some old widower would come pokin' round and offer his warmed-over affections to my husband's sister Joanna.

Though a daily mail brought us news in plenty, she never read anything unless it was what she called "a good murder," that meant a bloody, cruel, heartless murder, the more fiendish it was, the better she liked it.

I've seen her sit like a gourmand and gloat over an account of a man cutting his wife's tongue out, and her ears off, and then killing her deliberately and slowly with torture the most heart-rending.

She was fond of visiting, and very fond of attending wakes and funerals. She went far and near to funerals, her heart was kind and full of sympathy. She always wore black on such occasions and consoled the bereft ones by such phrases as "in the midst of life we are in death;" "he's better off 'n any of us;" "well, we must all die, some time;" "we know not the day nor the hour when our time'll come;" and "the Marster'll take us all in his own good way."

She rather enjoyed such seasons of "refreshment." In her absence I always kept the tea-kettle a-near the stove, boiling, so I could make her cup of hot tea as soon as she came home. She always regaled me with such terse sentences as "he did look very nat'r'l;" or, "it was the noblest looking corpse I ever saw;"

or, "she seemed just as if she was sleeping sweetly—the smile on her face was so beautiful."

Poor Joanna! she was his sister, so I always put on a show of interest and would ejaculate, "la!" "well—well!" "poor soul!" "ah, me!" or something congenial to her state of mind. It cost me nothing, and helped to make us friends.

When my little Tot was born I was bound on one thing, and that was the first time my will was ever set up against hers. I would not have that precious baby named for her, neither should it be called Dorcas, or Lydia, or Lois, or Abigail, or Zeruiah, or any of those old, Bible names for which Joanna had such a love. Tot was mine to the very ends of her little pink fingers and toes, and I meant that no old iron-bedstead of a name should cramp her, my baby.

She lay like a rose-leaf on her aunt's spacious lap, while the well-meaning old veiny hands, like claws, felt of her from tip to tip, to see if they couldn't detect a faulty place, or a deformity, or a lack in the glorious little bit of perfect pink and white mechanism, finer than a miniature watch, the most glorious of all nature's most beautiful handiwork.

"What will we call her, Char-riaty? You don't want her named for yourself, sure—that's ill luck," said she.

Oh, I just shut my teeth for fear she'd say, "s'posin' we call it Joanna!"

"Oh, I'll name my baby, myself, when I think of something as pretty as can be," said I, spreading a veil over my face and pretending to try and sleep.

Well, the end came; I waited four years for it, hopeful and patient. I write this with a jubilant laugh.

A man did come "pokin' round," and he was after my husband's sister, Joanna.

He was an undertaker, owned the finest hearse anywhere about within twenty-five miles; he had met Joanna at several funerals, she always nodded to him when it was time to screw on coffin-lids—that was the way they became acquainted.

It's a family matter, and I don't want to talk about her, but their courtship was so funny. He couldn't converse two minutes until one would know what his trade was. How often I have heard him use the phrase, "I am allus merry only at a funeral!" One could imagine, however, from his occupation and her predilection that there would be congeniality between them.

They were married in a quiet way at the parsonage in the village.

He proposed a bridal trip out to the city of Cleveland, to see a body, which, when exhumed, after sixteen years, was found to be solid stone. A few hours before the time of starting on the anticipated tour a little child died of malignant scarlet fever, then two others, within four days, and the undertaker called upon was the happy husband of sister Joanna.

She rode beside him on the hearse—she sat like a queen; Cleopatra in her beautiful barge felt no prouder or happier.

On their way home from the last funeral they came

to our house and stayed all night, and rode off the next morning gayly, glistening, and smelling of coffin varnish, while the mourning plumes nodded, and tossed, and swayed as though they were cutting up capers at a wedding.

I stood in the door and watched them until they were out of sight. They would turn their heads as quickly as two woodpeckers, and look in each other's faces in such a happy way that it made me glad to see them so satisfied with each other.

When she came to take her housekeeping goods from our home, the parting, the breaking up of the old relation between us, was sad. It could not be otherwise, even though we were all glad that newer and dearer ties had usurped the old ones. As we bade good-bye and kissed each other, she said with

quivering lips and broken voice: "Char-ryt Runnels, you've bin a dear, good, patient, kind sister to me; God bless you—and that's more'n I can say of any other woman I know. May the Lord be with ye, Char-ryt, and bless ye for what you've done."

Oh, then I was so glad that I had curbed my temper, and held my wishes in check, and so patiently borne with his sister in the beginning of my married life. It was so much better than to have quarrelled with her, and reigned mistress against her will, and made us all unhappy.

I tell this episode in my own life, hoping it will be like a helping hand to young wives similarly situated. It is so much better to take life's vicissitudes coolly, and calmly, and cheerfully, and hopefully.

CROOKED PLACES.

A STORY OF STRUGGLES AND HOPES.

BY EDWARD GARRETT.

Author of "Occupations of a Retired Life," "Premiums Paid to Experience," etc.

PART IV.—MILICENT'S ROMANCE, AND WHAT IT WAS MADE OF.

CHAPTER I.—WHERE TWO STORIES MEET.

IN all the outskirts of London, there could be scarcely a gloomier dwelling than Blenheim House, Hackney. It turned its side to the high road, a great, dirty, brick side, only broken by two lights, a barred window on the ground-floor, and another, high up, on a staircase. The front of the house looked into its own dank, green garden, amid dreary walls with their deep-set, olive-green door, bearing the inscription: "David Maxwell, surgeon."

The interior was as dismal. The rooms could never have been cheerful, but they had once been handsome. Now, the marble mantels were discolored by neglect and careless usage, the wood-carving had been chipped and never repaired, even the windows had been cheaply mended with coarse, defective glass. Whatever colors the heavy sprawling-patterned carpets had once possessed, were worn away under the steps of many years. The only pictures were a few engravings after Benjamin West, and a set of Hogarth's "Rake's Progress." The mirrors were framed in ebony. But there was none of that stately precision which gives dignity to gloom. There was always a clay pipe on the mantel-shelves, and Mr. Maxwell liked to drink his ale, at all hours, out of a pewter-pot.

The inmates were like their home, as they generally are, since they either make it or it makes them. They were only four in number—master, mistress, son and servant.

The surgeon had belonged to respectable connections of Scotch origin, but long settled as manufacturers in an eastern county. He did not belong to them now. He had found his own level, far below theirs. His closest ties were dead, and what slight communication passed between him and those who

remained, were due entirely to their pitiful regrets for one who had sunk so low that he did not know his own degradation. Mr. Maxwell was a thoroughly coarse man, not without a kind of rank cleverness, which he would have been better without, for while too idle and unscrupulous to earn or deserve an honest professional confidence, this afforded him a slippery back staircase to a small, doubtful celebrity, which he valued more for its excitement than even for its uncertain profits. He was the easy-going doctor who asked no awkward questions in sundry matters connected with births and deaths, whose decorous certificate was always forthcoming—and he liked to reckon how many reputations he held in his mercy. Yet his professional income was not nearly so large as the decent, humdrum parish doctor's, and had he not possessed some small private means, he could not even have maintained the dismalness of Blenheim House, even though he was not very particular how he took payment. The only handsome modern article in Blenheim House was a velvet pile table-cover, which had come from the scene of the suicide of an old wicked patient of his. It was as good as new, except that there was a little stain on one corner, which nobody could tell was not port wine. But Mr. Maxwell did a great many dirty deeds for nothing, and therefore fancied himself a liberal man, though he never entered a shop without beating down the shopkeeper, nor paid a bill till he had been dunned many times. Mr. Maxwell professed to despise society, and called all visiting "rubbish and nonsense," which simply meant that he found his most agreeable companions in pot-houses; and that he begrudged to give that hospitality which reserves the minimum of sensual gratification to the host.

And it was very easy for him to scoff at respectable tea-parties and neighborly gatherings; but the fact

was, he had really put himself out of society many years ago, and he knew it.

There had been two "Mrs. Maxwells" at Blenheim House. The first, who had been dead before Mr. Maxwell came to Hackney, had never had any right to that style—the second had only acquired it, after tardy years, at the urging of some well-meaning and wealthy connection of the surgeon's, who had vainly hoped to purify two corrupted and unrepentant lives, by a spiritual salt, which became a savorless formula the moment it touched them.

Of the mistress of the house, it is therefore needless to say much, for she was just what might be expected, except, perhaps, that having become a wife when she least thought to be one, she measured the honor, not from its proper basis, but from the depths of her previous degradation, and by her rampant self-sufficiency and insolence, justified Solomon's description of "the odious woman when she is married." She had not her husband's contempt for society. She hankered after it, as the stage whereon to strut and display her bran-new morality. Her vanity assured her credulity that nobody knew anything of her past, and she understood none of those finer feelings which shrink from taking credit beyond capital. She went regularly to church, though Mr. Maxwell never accompanied her. She angled for, and hooked an occasional invitation. Some people thought the floating rumors of the district might be only a scandal, founded on her husband's undeniably bad character, and that if she were the virtuous, though common and disagreeable wife, of such an abandoned man, she deserved a little countenance, while one or two social ghouls who believed the worst, accepted her acquaintance in the hope of getting a real peep into the Blenheim chamber of horrors. But Mr. Maxwell never encouraged his wife to return the invitations she received.

"You'll make a fool of yourself, Poll," he said; "but you sha'n't make one of me."

And so, when one of the ghouls came, he had his cup of tea sent out of the parlor into his surgery, but came into the room after, and behaved with such a mixture of coarse repulsion and coarser familiarity, that even the ghoul retreated in dismay, and reported "that it was quite impossible to visit poor Mrs. Maxwell, the surgeon was so very peculiar."

And so Mrs. Maxwell presently became content to pay a limited number of visits on the understanding that they were not returned, on account of her husband's "eccentricities." And she did not object to the arrangement so long as it could be thus made without blighting wholly her social ambitions. Nevertheless, she had her Mordecai, and that not merely at her gate, but within it.

Many a respectable matron in Hackney, troubled, even in those days, with raw servants, that came and went, burning the linen, smashing the crockery, and diversifying the monotony of this by occasional larcenies, wondered how it was that dreary Blenheim House had won a domestic treasure which they could not find for their own snug habitations. For Phoebe

Winter had been in Mr. Maxwell's service for more than twenty years, at least. She had arrived, perched behind his goods, when he came to Blenheim House. She had seen the home-coming of its present mistress. She knew all about everything. Phoebe Winter wore a wedding-ring, and was doubtless a widow. In years, as in residence, Phoebe was older than her mistress. She could never have been a pretty girl. But she was grand now. She was like some great, majestic rock, which has been stripped of all its clinging herbage. An artist once stopped her in the street and asked her to sit to him. Phoebe was savagely indignant. "Am I to be insulted at my time of life," she asked, "that nobody dared insult when I was a gal?" He wanted her for a model of Jael, the wife of Heber. Fancy what she must have been, for him to detect her fitness in her coarse, clinging dress and rough kitchen-cap.

Mrs. Maxwell had to bear many congratulations about her "faithful old servant." When the ghoul called upon her, the ghoul considered it "only a fit mark of respect to such a commendable domestic," to try to open a little conversation with her, when she attended while the ghoul resumed her clogs. Just a little harmless patronizing conversation, which, had it been received with grateful cordiality, might have led to a few more words if the lady and the servant chanced to meet in the market or at the church-door. But Phoebe Winter was not cordial.

Mrs. Maxwell wanted to get rid of Phoebe. Phoebe was determined not to go. And Phoebe had her way. If Mrs. Maxwell blustered, Phoebe did not care. If Mrs. Maxwell assumed kindness, and urged her to better herself, she only grimly answered, "that folks had their own ways of taking care of themselves." If Mrs. Maxwell taunted her for her poor spirit in staying to earn a girl's wages of six pounds a year, and no perquisites, Phoebe coolly said "that she'd seen such a many drabble-tails marry-come-up in their satins and cambries, that she didn't covet any better than a honest linsey-woolsey for herself." This generally despatched Mrs. Maxwell to her own business in the parlor. She never took courage to give Phoebe a direct notice to quit. She knew by heart all that Phoebe would say to her side-hints, but she was not at all sure what Phoebe might say to that—and she preferred not to know.

After all, many people might have as old servants as Phoebe, if they were prepared to endure such service as hers. She certainly worked hard, but she did not know how to work. She could not have entered service till her ideas were set beyond readjustment, and they had surely been formed in a country-laborer's cottage. Every detail showed it. She could cook well in flour, milk, or potatoes, but her meats were either raw or cindery. She could scrub, but she could not dust; she could wash, but she could neither starch nor iron. Twice or thrice Mrs. Maxwell had supplemented her deficiencies by another servant. But no other servant would stay long at Blenheim House. Some were afraid of the master. Some declared they would not stop in a place where

the mistress did not think they were of the same flesh and blood as herself. They each poured out their grievances to Phœbe before they went away. Phœbe pursed up her mouth, and said nothing.

Such was the woman who lived in Blenheim House kitchen, with its prospect of dust-bin and pump. But wherever the Blenheim House skeleton cupboard was, it surely had a door into that kitchen, whether the master knew it or not, and although Mrs. Maxwell had never found it—perhaps because she feared to search too close.

But there was one young life in the dismal, hopeless place. There was one who had played—faintly and quietly, perhaps—about the gloomy rooms, Little David Maxwell, as he was called by repute, had not arrived in Hackney with Phœbe in the goods cart. He had been brought up next day by a maid who had a box and baggage of her own with her, as if she expected to stay, but who presently went away again, box and all, counting money in her purse.

Phœbe had the sole charge of him, from then, till the new Mrs. Maxwell came, seven years after. Since then, she might be said to have had double charge of him—not only to preserve, but to defend.

Little David had sat at meals with the surgeon and his wife. But he had learned his lessons in the kitchen. He had had his playmate there, too, in the shape of a great, good-tempered cat; but when the new mistress came home, she ordered this to be sent away, saying: "Some little boys should be thankful to be fed and clothed themselves, without expecting money to be wasted on meat for useless animals."

She wanted it to be destroyed. She would give a man sixpence to do it, she said. "Last money need never be grudged." But with apparent indifference Phœbe had suggested that she thought this expense might be spared, she knew where she could find a home for David's favorite.

So she did. That very evening she carried it off to an almshouse near. David went with her, to see his pet completely installed on a soft cushion in an old woman's snug domicile. In his passionate childish grief at leaving his playfellow, he did not much notice that old woman's garrulous assurances.

"Deed, mem, an' it shall be taken care of. I'm fond of beasts—cats in particular, an' I'd have had one long ago if I could afford its keep, and it shall have its cat's meat and milk just as you say, mem, and you're welcome to look in, an' see that I'm a-layin' out your money as you mean it to be."

"There, there, Davie," said Phœbe, as they walked home, "don't cry, you'll be able to come with me and see Tommy now and then."

"But I sha'n't have him always any more," sobbed the boy.

"Pussy is quite comfortable," Phœbe assured him, "he is better off than with us, for that nice little room will be warm all night, much nicer than our damp kitchen. If you care for poor pussy, David, you shouldn't mind giving him up for his own good."

Fivepence a week for cat's board was a heavy tax on six pounds a year. Phœbe could not have clearly explained why she paid it. But David growing satisfied in the dull kitchen, because he had a glimpse of his favorite, sleek and snug on the almshouse window-sill, had learned the childish version of a priceless lesson.

David went to school, and won the favor of his master. His schoolfellows did not know him. His solitude, and the dispiriting sense of an unintelligible inferiority, forced on him by his stepmother, had not taught him how to make friends. He would decline a share in sports which he was really longing to join. If there were any lad for whom he felt a particular admiration and warmth, from that boy he especially shrank.

At fifteen, he closed his career as a pupil. Instead of the dozens of friends which most youths fancy they have made for life, David Maxwell had but a trembling possession of one. This was a boy named Fergus Laurie, the son of a very needy widow, who had given him the advantage of a year's "good schooling" before putting him into a neighboring manufactory.

David and Fergus were about the same age, and Fergus was sent to earn his bread two years before David left school—a fact whereon Mrs. Maxwell made many edifying comments. There were many points of sympathy between the boys. For both, it was desirable that the friendship should be an outdoor one. David had never called forth express injunction on the subject, but he quite understood that no acquaintance of his would be welcome at Blenheim House. On the other hand, Mrs. Laurie lived in a perpetual muddle, and was a woman who would never admit any stranger to a sight of the scanty fare which she could scarcely get for her own children. For though she would often put herself into protracted difficulties by a burst of extravagant indulgence in the table luxuries, after which she constantly hankered, yet to share such dear-bought luxuries with others formed no part of her enjoyment.

Fergus's life would be hard if David's was repressed. Fergus was like a plant left open to battle with the storm. David was like one shut up from light and air.

Fergus gave David his first great pleasure—the exquisite delight of having something to give worthy of another's taking. Fergus's education was broken off just at the climax of his longing for knowledge. As David advanced beyond his friend, he discovered that he might help him forward.

There was a pathetic humor in the lads' shifts. They had to carry on their studies wandering in the streets. Sometimes they would snatch a chapter of history by the friendly light of some shop window. Once, on a frosty night, David bought a pennyworth of roast chestnuts, that he might seek out the derivation of a word by the warm light of the chestnut vendor's fire. David lent his school-books to Fergus between the respective class days. David even lost a

prize because Fergus forgot to return one in time for him to get up an important task.

The two lads were "confirmed" at the same time. They went together to the vicar for preparation. Mr. Devon was considerably interested in them both. Mr. Devon was one of those who believed no more of the queer reports about the Maxwells than that the surgeon was a very bad man, the shadow of whose vices had fallen on two probably innocent wives. He was rather annoyed that Mrs. Devon persisted in being very freezing to Mrs. Maxwell whenever she called at the vicarage. Mrs. Devon never contradicted him when he asserted his view of the case, which discreet reservation only made it the harder for him to blame her for a very subtle line of behavior, which, had the good gentleman only known it, Mrs. Maxwell was far too hardened and arrogant to feel, or to care for.

"That young Maxwell has really a remarkable scriptural knowledge, and a child-like clearness of belief," said the vicar to himself. "I cannot suppose he acquired it at school, for I fear there is not much lively evangelical truth taught in the academy. He must owe it to his stepmother, after all, coarse, vulgar woman as I must own—not to Mrs. Devon—that she appears!"

That same night, speaking with her nurse-like freedom, which she had never resigned, Phœbe inquired: "Well, David, could you answer the parson's questions?"

"I think so, Phœbe. Thanks to you, if I did. You must have taken a great deal of trouble with me."

David had not long left the Academy before he returned to it as a teacher. Apart from Mrs. Maxwell's taunting hints, he had a right-minded boy's desire for independence, and, in his father's utter apathy, only too eagerly seized on what first presented itself as a road thereto.

Fergus Laurie stoutly blamed him for entering a line of life with such narrow, dim prospects. Fergus was already advancing in his manufactory, and had made up his mind to die a merchant prince. Fergus Laurie was a slight, small creature, but strong and sound in his very delicacy, and possessing that nervous-bilious temperament which always carries so much before it. He had hazel eyes for David's gray eyes, stiff, drab-brown hair for David's chestnut locks, and though they were both equally taciturn, when Fergus Laurie spoke, it was not with David's timid proffer of idea, but with authority, and the air of one who would have spoken long before had he cared to take the trouble. Fergus Laurie had fronted the world, compounded family debts, negotiated family loans, and learned how to make sixpence represent a shilling, while David Maxwell had had nothing to do but sit still, and accept the hard fact that his parents were not like other parents, nor his home like other homes.

Fergus Laurie decorated his bedroom with such texts as—"The hand of the diligent shall bear rule;" "Be strong and of good courage: be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed." He transcribed them

himself, on cartridge paper, in quaint characters, that made every letter a capital one.

In David Maxwell's pocket Bible the marker lay ever on the ninety-first Psalm, and had it been removed the book would still have opened there.

He did not develop into a strong man. Perhaps it was not likely that he should. But like many another, nobody noticed that he was only struggling on till he dropped. There came an evening when he met Fergus Laurie for their accustomed walk, and was obliged to ask him not to practise his French upon him that night, he felt so queer and misty. And Fergus, who was very anxious to get on with his French at that particular time, hinted to him that he "gave way" very easily. But next morning David was not in the teacher's seat at the Academy. And he never was there again.

He did not die. He went to the very gates of the grave and struggled back again. It was in the days of doubt, that Fergus Laurie first made his way into Blenheim House.

Phœbe let him pass very easily, and he boldly presented himself at Mrs. Maxwell's parlor door.

"I don't ask to see him to-night," he said, "but I cannot rest satisfied without getting the report from head-quarters, and then, of course, you will tell me, as soon as ever I may venture in."

Fergus meant to gain admittance, and he gained it. Was he, Fergus Laurie, who meant to conquer the world, to be exiled from his only friend by a woman whose measure he took as he did Mrs. Maxwell's? It was no use shutting moral doors in his face, he walked straight through them all. He could see no reason why Blenheim House should maintain such seclusion, since it certainly had not his own family reason of proud and selfish poverty. When David got better—and he would be sure to get better—how much more comfortable it would be for them to sit and read together in any of these vacant chambers than to wander in the streets!

David did get better, but his had been an illness which entails years of convalescence. His father opened his purse-strings a little, and gave him change of air in lonely sojourns at dull watering-places, and whenever some old, old parsimony made itself unpleasantly manifest in the household, Mrs. Maxwell sighed and made appropriate remarks about "the expenses one must incur for poor afflicted invalids."

For a long time, David hoped that each succeeding week would find him fit to recommence battle with the world, and on some more independent scheme—if not, oh, beautiful mirage, on an altogether new battle-field. But it was no use. He presently became convinced that this dreary page of life was too large to be left blank. He must fill it in as best he could.

His father discussed each of his suggestions with as much interest and gravity as if they had related to the politics of Lilliput, instead of the welfare of his own flesh and blood. Mrs. Maxwell dashed them by reproachful hints that "he was not grateful for his good home, and that he'd be better employed think-

ing of his duty to the father to whom he owed so much, than worrying about his own affairs."

David at last did the only thing that it seemed he could do. He went into the surgery. He could make himself useful there in many small ways, in lieu of young men whom his father had hitherto hired, for miserable pittances indeed, but the sparing of which would certainly cover the expenses of his board. His father had often talked of taking a pupil instead of these assistants, saying that one would be quite as useful, and save the salary. David would be this pupil. Had he known more of the world, or had a less simple-minded forgetfulness of himself, he might have been daunted by the miserable prospect before a delicate man as a medical practitioner. Nor did he know what Mr. Maxwell was as well as everybody else did. From the inside and from the outside things show differently. And the very habit of household life, however miserable, begets a kind of confidence and fetters the critical powers. But David just did the best according to his judgment and knowledge, and it is sometimes well that one's judgment and knowledge have limits. To be over prudent, is to be less than wise.

Henceforth David almost lived in the surgery. In the evening Fergus Laurie came there, and was still helped forward in his general studies. In the morning David sat behind the barred-window and read his medical books. It was sitting so, that he first noticed a neat, brisk, little figure that constantly went by, always carrying a drawing portfolio. He grew to look for her. Perhaps it was the utter absence of any such figure from his own life that invested it with such a peculiar charm. He wondered what the house must be like where she lived.

"Don't you know who that is?" Fergus Laurie asked, one morning, when he happened to call in at the surgery, and perhaps observed that David's eyes followed the little passer-by as she went down the road. "That is Miss Millicent Harvey. She lives with her mother, in a little house in Grove Lane. She works for our firm."

"Does she, really?" David asked, adding, with a tell-tale blush. "Isn't she very sweet-looking?"

"Is she? Well, yes, I suppose she is," admitted young Laurie.

"What does she do for your firm?" David asked.

"Designs patterns," said Fergus.

"I should think she's clever," commented David. "I should think she might be able to do something above designs. She has eyes which look as if they saw a great deal. And I've noticed her looking up at the sunsets, and how few people do that—I used not myself. I suppose you know her to speak to?" he added, with ill-affected indifference.

"I require to speak to her sometimes," Fergus answered. "Have you never seen her at church? No—you can't, they sit in a corner that you don't see from your pew, and they come in and out by a different door. She has a mother and a brother. He writes for the papers."

This was all that David Maxwell ever knew of

Millicent Harvey till the night when, after much demur and shrinking, he accepted the vicar's unexpected invitation.

He went home from that party with a springing step. It had come naturally to speak to her, and she had been so pleasant. He flashed upon the brutalized surgeon and his sullen wife in their forlorn parlor, like a lamp suddenly shining into a dark place. He had the same effect. The brightness stirred and irritated them.

"What's up now, Dave?" asked Mr. Maxwell. "Are you fancying some girl has fallen in love with you? Hope she's got money."

"I should think David has too much sense," said Mrs. Maxwell. "He has got something else to think of besides falling in love. He has to get back his health and make money before he dreams of that nonsense. And girls must hold themselves very cheap, if those that have a chance to visit at the vicarage would look at David."

The darkness seemed to conquer. The light went out. David went up to his bed-chamber, feeling as if it would never again be so easy to speak to Millie-

cent.

But did the light go out? or was it only shaded and screened from the cold, cruel blast? He had caught a glimpse of beauty and joy and courage possible even in the same world as Blenheim House. The world could never be the old, dull world again. There was a yearning within him for that brighter, freer life of which he had caught a glimpse. It could not have been satisfied by the mere shadow which had awakened it. Had he been able to seize that shadow, his grasp would have swept the glory from it, as the gold perishes on a caught butterfly. But it passed softly away from his life, only to find refuge in his very soul, and to be elevated into that pure ideal, which the Saviour surely meant, when He said, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

Next day, David took a leaf from Fergus's book. He, too, wrote out a text, but he did not put it up on his chamber wall, but laid it in the secret drawer of the old bureau, which Mr. Maxwell said he might use as his own.

This was the text: "Delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thy heart."

CHAPTER II.

A SHARP YOUNG MAN.

FTER David Maxwell's comments, Fergus Laurie took more notice of Millicent than he had ever done before. He discovered that she really was pretty, when one came to look at her. Business prevented him from being one of the vicar's guests, on the occasion when David introduced himself to Millicent, and perhaps this accidental loss incited him to greater zeal next time he met her, in the ordinary way, in the counting-house.

Once something obliged her to wait there awhile. Fergus set a chair for her in just the most agreeable

position. Fergus had often been very remiss in such common civilities. He had a nature in which politeness was not an instinct, and the occasional attentions of such are often set at a different value to habitual courtesy, except by very wise people. We need not pity those who form this false estimate, for it is generally vanity that betrays them into it, as the civility which is not of natural grace has a delicious savor of special personal tribute.

Then Fergus began to talk about her designs, and told her of praise which the head partner of the house had privately bestowed upon them. Next he asked, if she ever sketched.

Millicent hesitated. "I am seldom in the country," she said. "I have never seen such scenery as people care for. But I have tried a few things that took my own fancy; tumble-down cottages; and the church tower, trifles that nobody could see any beauty in."

"Perhaps, because they have not learned to use their eyes," Fergus answered, with an emphasis on the nominative. "But whoever does one thing well can generally do many things tolerably, and if you can sketch half as well as you design, I should think you might develop into a good artist. You must have had first-rate teaching?"

"Only my mother's," Millicent replied.

"Ah,—well,—doubtless she must have been a good teacher, and yet perhaps we only learn what we teach ourselves. You have only had a home training in art, and I only had one year's good schooling, and yet I think we have known greater dunces than we are, Miss Harvey," he concluded, with a slight laugh, as he turned away to his ledger.

Millicent was interested. The suggestion of the "one year's good schooling" touched the sympathies of George Harvey's sister. And then Fergus had hitherto been so blunt and curt, that this burst of friendly candor made one wonder what more lay hidden within him. Wonder is ever credulous. There was hardly yet a locked-up room which was not credited either with hidden treasure or a ghost, and yet rooms are sometimes locked up, simply because they are out of repair and are not wanted!

"He must have had his troubles, too, poor fellow," Millicent thought, "and troubles are apt to harden and chill one on the outside."

In those days, though only about forty-five years ago, art was in a very different position from what it is at present. Pictorial works were costly, and consequently rare; and of the pictures which then passed as beautiful, many would now be condemned as spiritless and conventional. Yet, at the same time, art was not then degraded into a "regulation property," and if comparatively few authors saw their thoughts reflected back in pictures, at least they were not so liable to see them distorted therein. Artists were not then assured enough to ride their pet model roughshod over a poet's conception, till the reader is fairly puzzled between the womanly woman who lives on the page, and the brazen vixen who stares him out of countenance from the "cut." And

there was also more scope for individual fancy, ill-trained as it might be. Wealthy people of taste had not then left off having favorite poems illustrated, and special places sketched, to their own particular order. A bride, who wished to remember the church of her wedding-day, and a widow, desiring to recall the grave of her hopes, could not then make a facile purchase of the same photograph, to serve equally as a memento of joy and sorrow. No; the bride had a sunshiny painting of the old church porch, the beech avenue, and the lych gate, while the widow procured a moonlight view of the yews among the graves behind the church, with the great east window illuminated by some evening service within.

Now one of the partners in Mr. Laurie's firm, a Mr. Smith, was greatly addicted to this kind of dabbling in art. He had made a good deal of money in business, and had a childlike enthusiasm for poetry, which he only half understood. Wordsworth was his especial adoration. The man whom necessity had chained half his life in city alleys, and whom fashion now kept in a west-end square, was yet captivated by the mountain bard's sweet pictures of

*"Old places, full of many a lovely brood,
Tall trees, green arbors and ground flowers in flocks,
And wild rose tiptoe upon hawthorn stocks."*

and only wondered that such "a poet of nature" could ever have been so forsaken as to think there was something worth writing about in "the filthy waterside corners one sees from Westminster Bridge."

This gentleman who went in stoutly for every kind of reform, except the Catholic Emancipation Bill) had paid considerable sums of money for a series of illustrations of the White Doe of Rylstone. He kept them in tissue veils, and paper cases (for the preservation of their mounts!), in a portfolio in his drawing-room. He had put each of their prices on their backs, for their recapitulation was part of the show, and he did not want to make mistakes. And his good lady thought her husband entirely what she called him, "quite a Macbeth."

His attention had latterly been drawn to the noble poem, "Resolution and Independence." He thought it "a fine moral piece," and liked to quote lines from it in the counting-house. This good-hearted man, whose faults were only foibles at which angels themselves might smile, always talked a great deal to Fergus Laurie. Fergus did not only assent in monosyllables, with the respectful stupidity of most of the young men. Fergus often dissented, or put questions which "drew on." The kindly master told his wife that this clerk was "a sharp young man," and did not dream that his well-meant conversations were recited for the amusement of Mrs. and Miss Laurie, and his truisms epitomized into household bywords.

"Yes, Laurie," he said, "that 'Resolution and Independence' is a very fine moral piece. I should like every young man to read it. I would not mind giving five pounds for two or three little sketches to set it off. They'd be an excuse for bringing the subject forward, and then I'd read the lines. Just sim-

ple little sketches, you know. They need not be fine, like my 'White Doe' set, because I don't want these so much as a matter of art as of doing good."

"And, of course, it is desirable to do that as cheaply as possible," said Fergus, gravely.

"Yes, of course," answered the merchant, in his simplicity, "for then one can do the more of it."

"I think I know somebody who could do what you require, sir," said Fergus.

"Indeed?" and out came a little private note-book, where percentages and shipping rates mingled oddly with quotations in rhyme, and wise adages. "If you'll just give me the name and address, Mr. Laurie, I'll be vastly obliged."

Fergus hesitated. "Will you mind giving me the commission, sir?" he asked. "I will name your terms, but will not pledge you to pay anything till at least one sketch is finished and approved of. There are circumstances that make it better the artist should not be known unless the work is successful. And it may not be successful; the artist is untried in this way; but, I think, worth trying."

"Eh, eh, young—rising, eh? I like to give a turn to such. Very much indebted to you, Mr. Laurie. Leave all to your discretion. Sha'n't mind raising the terms a little if I'm very pleased. But leave all to your discretion."

Fergus knew the way to the Harveys' house well enough. Indeed, he had called there once or twice about business, and had left messages with Mrs. Harvey for her daughter. But he required first to look in at Blenheim House, where David Maxwell was expecting him.

David was sitting, as usual, in the surgery, with a volume of Plutarch opened before him.

"I can't stay," Fergus said, in his abrupt way, "so I won't sit down. I must go on to Miss Harvey's house. I have just got a good chance for her. Our Mr. Smith wants some sketches for Wordsworth's poem, 'Resolution and Independence,' and I put in a good word for her, and if she does one well, she'll get the order."

"She'll do it," said David. "It's well to be you to have such chances of serving people."

Fergus accepted the congratulation as a matter of course.

"I hope I shall do greater things in that line soon," he observed.

David had already turned to the poem, in the copy of Wordsworth which Fergus had put on the table. He wanted to read what Millicent would be presently reading.

"She will want models," he observed. "If she cannot think of anybody for the leech-gatherer's figure, you might remind her of the old sweeper by the churchyard. I have often been struck with that old man's resolute, patient face. She could go into the graveyard and get a sketch of him without his knowing. I think it would spoil his look if he knew, and he seems a man who might even object, like our Phoebe."

Fergus received the suggestion in silence, and

David thought that very likely he condemned it as worthless, but was too kind to say so.

"I'll go with you as far as the Harveys," David proposed, cheerfully. It seemed getting near Millie- cent to walk with somebody who was going to speak with her. And as he went along, he revolved in his mind what other hint he could give to secure Millie- cent's success. He desired it with such single-heartedness, that he would risk Fergus's belief in his good taste and wisdom, by giving nineteen foolish suggestions, if out of such a bundle of blunders might come one worth consideration.

"You say Miss Harvey is to do one picture on approval—don't you, Laurie?" he asked.

"Yes," said Fergus, "and the first lines are easy to illustrate—few trees, and a bit of brightish sky reflected in some pools."

"But I don't see that she need make the first picture the specimen," David observed. "You might tell her to take the subject that most struck her own fancy; she would be sure to do that best."

"Oh, of course I shall talk it over with her," said Fergus; "there is no use in planning what I shall advise till I see what she says."

They paused before the Harveys' gate.

"You may as well come in, too," Fergus went on. "You have met both Miss Harvey and her brother at the vicarage. Come in."

"No, I think not," David replied, with a wistful look at the lighted parlor window. "They won't care about seeing me, and while business is being talked over, the fewer people there are about the better."

"That's quite true," said Fergus. "So, good-night." And he went in, and David crossed the road, and stood in the dark, watching the shadows that presently wavered across the blind.

Mrs. Harvey, Miss Brook and Milly were all at home, and they now constituted the whole household, for George had been married two months before the night of this memorable visit.

Fergus stated his commission in his own cold, brief way, and in the pause while Milly read and re-read the poem he laid before her, he had time to survey the parlor in which the little family group was seated. It was a pretty little room; but what struck Fergus was that its prettiness seemed so cheap and easy. Its elegancies represented very little cash, for, with unselfish foresight, Mrs. Harvey had gently overruled George whenever he had wished to buy any article of luxury. What could have been the total cost of all the ornaments?—the home-made feather-screens on the mantel, the cardboard frames in which were set especial bits of Milly's drawing, the hand-worked fringing of the book-shelves, the patch-work cover of the side-table? A mere trifle, that anybody could afford. Therefore, Fergus asked himself, why should not his mother and sister make their sitting-room look as well? And they were neither of them bread-winning women, as all of these were, or, at any rate, had been, till quite lately. "If we had a room like this," said Fergus to himself, "we could invite any-

body to visit us—and I should like to invite people. Our place ought to look quite as well, for I'm sure our furniture is really better, and mother and Robina must have more leisure than these."

With all his sharpness, Fergus had not yet learned that those who do much, always find time for more, and that whatever does not cost money, involves a mental and moral wealth, which is not nearly so easily acquired.

"I am to draw one picture on trial?" Milly asked, looking up at last, with a catch in her voice such as people have as they brace themselves to climb a hill. It never even occurred to Milly to say that "there was no use in trying." Effort was certainly in her power, whether success was, or no.

"Yes, and take any one you like," said Fergus. "Don't feel yourself bound to begin at the beginning."

"I should prefer to take a scene that would include the leech-gatherer's figure," Milly mused aloud. "I should like the test sketch to be one of the most important, because I should not like to succeed in that, and fail afterward."

"Certainly not," said Fergus, "but the first picture will get all the criticism. Succeed brilliantly in that, and the others will be trusted. It is like when artists or authors make a name, people take the rest of their work on credit. Nobody is always inquiring into things. Get a reputation for early rising, and you may sleep till noon-day."

"Humph!" said Miss Brook, from her corner.

"Perhaps I may suggest that if you want a study for the leech-gatherer you may find one in the sweeper by the churchyard," Fergus went on. "Just go inside the palings, and take a look at him, and perhaps you may get from him two or three good lines to give individuality to your lay figure's correctness. Have you any lay figures, Miss Harvey?"

"Oh, yes," said Milly, "I bought one a long while ago."

"If not, I was going to offer to bring one for you, as I shall be in the West End to-morrow. So, I suppose you have had thoughts of this kind of work before?"

"Scarcely," Milly laughed. "But I like it, and I thought my designing would be none the worse for it!"

And then Fergus rose, and departed amid Mrs. Harvey's thanks and Milly's grateful assurances that he had already given her some most valuable hints, and that any more he might think of would be extremely welcome.

"And if your friend" (who he was, remained a secret from Milly) "is not quite satisfied with my first attempt, tell him I shall be most happy to throw it aside and try again, if he will let me," she pleaded.

"Oh, of course I shall see it first," Fergus answered, "and I who know his ideas, and exactly what he requires, will be able to judge whether it will do, and if you give me leave to tell you if I think not, you can try again, without his knowing anything about it."

"Give you leave!" echoed Milly, "it will be the greatest kindness you could show me. And I will set to work diligently, that I may have time for three or four failures."

And as Fergus came out of the bright little passage, with the eagerly grateful faces of the mother and daughter beaming behind him, David Maxwell turned and fled in the darkness, and then presently, fearful lest Fergus might see him in some sudden cross light, stepped into a deep, shady porch, and stood there breathless, till Fergus's springing step had passed far down the road.

CHAPTER III.

HOW FERGUS LAURIE GOT HIS OWN WAY.

MILLY set to work upon her sketches with all energy. Fergus Laurie presently sent her a note saying that he would take care that she was not called upon as early as usual for her regular supply of designs, and she wrote back, thanking him, and saying this would help her forward with the "sense of freedom." But he found that her designs arrived on the same day as usual.

Fergus presently made up his mind that he would take his sister Robina to call on the Harveys as a preliminary to inviting them to take tea with his mother. To name such schemes was to produce a revolution at home.

"I hope you've counted the cost before you think of beginning such things," said Mrs. Laurie.

"What cost can there be?" said her son, serenely. "Will it ruin us to buy another half pound of tea and some currants and candies for Robina to make into a cake?"

"I'm not going to make a cake for people to laugh at," observed Robina. "Don't do these things at all unless you mean to do them properly."

"Well, at any rate, come with me to see these people," Fergus pleaded, "and afterward I'll settle everything exactly as you like. Only come," and he added an argument likely to be more effectual in these quarters. "We shall never get on, or be able to afford anything, if we shut ourselves up like hermits."

"I've seen these Harveys at church," said Robina Laurie. "They are always very particularly well dressed. I would like to pay visits as well as anybody, yet unless I can get something better to wear than my last winter's bonnet, I'd rather not go."

"What would it cost to get a bonnet as good as Miss Harvey's?" Fergus asked, in helpless masculine ignorance.

"It could not be bought under a guinea!" said Robina, with triumph. "Yes, indeed," she added, spitefully, "it is very easy to be always hinting how neat and pretty she looks, but neatness and prettiness cost something, I can tell you, sir; and if one is to have them, somebody must pay for them!"

Fergus was astounded. This put all his calculations about economy at fault. But he knew enough traditionally of the Harveys to feel sure that they

had no private income, and he jumped to the conclusion that if their means justified such expenses, so did his own. A very common conclusion, though scarcely worthy of Fergus's reasoning powers. But he wanted his will, and would not let even his own logic stand in its way. And how was he, poor male creature, to know or suspect that the Harveys' bonnets were all home-made, and came out year after year pleasing and apparently new, but at only three or four shillings of fresh cost? Still some vague notion of such possibility came across him.

"Can't you make a bonnet for yourself cheaper than that, Robina?" he asked.

Robina bounced out of the room. She could bounce, though she was a little mite of a thing, after her brother's mould. She came back with her marketing bonnet in her hand. It was a coarse straw bonnet, badly dyed, with a piece of washed ribbon strained awry across it.

"There," said she, "that's the sort of thing people who have never learned millinery can get up at home. Would you like to take me visiting in that?"

This settled the question. "Get whatever you must have," Fergus conceded. "I'll pay for it. But I can't believe that you need to make all this fuss about paying a call to people no better off than we are ourselves, if so well off. For everything put together, including whatever allowance they get from the son since his marriage, I should not think they have more to live on than my salary, and we have mother's pension besides."

"Ah, you'd better think of letting that accumulate for us, than go wasting your money to show off to strangers," sighed Mrs. Laurie. "And how do you know what people have? They have a good lodger, anyhow."

"I was just thinking so might we, mother," said Fergus. "We have two rooms standing empty."

"I'll not have any one but ourselves in my house," Mrs. Laurie returned. "I've not been used to that sort of thing. Still, it's profitable for those that don't mind it."

"In my father's time, and until I paid the rent," said Fergus, "you were not 'used' to live in a house where there was a room to spare." Fergus had struggled stoutly for his family, and took a kind of pride in connecting all his ambitions with them. But he was not dutiful with his tongue. Indeed, the whole Laurie family affection was of the curious kind which thinks itself above courtesy or restraint, and delights in proving with what immunity it can give and take thrusts which would prove death-blows among outer-world friendships. But it was only a compound form of selfishness; and the good-nature with which they each took the other's home-truths was only as real as the frankness with which some men are wont to accuse themselves of pride, hastiness, or folly.

However, in two or three days, Robina announced to her brother that she was ready to accompany him to the Harveys whenever he chose, and so they went together that very evening.

Hatty Webber happened to be visiting her mother, and was sitting chatting with Mrs. Harvey and Miss Brook, while Milly was hard at work on her sketches at a side-table. Hatty Webber never took work with her to visit; she would no more have thought of carrying the children's stockings in her reticule, than Milly would have dreamed of taking her pencils and india-rubber when she went to tea with the Webbers. "Everybody must rest sometimes," was Hatty's dogma, "and whoever is always at work before people, must take it easy behind their backs."

Of course, Milly's drawings were the first topic. She was just putting the last touches upon the test picture. Fergus looked at it, but approved so coolly, that Milly got frightened, and eagerly begged that she might do another.

"Oh, no, there is no need for that," Fergus said. "I have no doubt this will do well enough. Only the figure is almost too much like the old crossing-sweeper. A little more fancy—a little idealization would have been better, perhaps. Still, tastes differ. And I dare say, the gentleman who has to judge this picture will not know about the crossing-sweeper."

"But what can it matter if he does?" asked Hatty.

"Oh, he might think it was commonplace," Fergus explained. "It is easy to revere this old leech-gatherer—a particular branch of poverty we are never likely to come across; but it spoils the romance to confound him with an old beggar, to whom any of us can give a halfpenny, when we choose."

"A crossing-sweeper is not a beggar," said practical Hatty; "for, whenever we use his crossing without paying him, we have more occasion to say 'thank you' to him, than he has to us, when we do pay him."

"You are like a friend of mine," Fergus answered. "When there has been a particularly poor abject-looking being standing at a crossing, I've known my friend go sloshing through the mud, rather than pass him without a fee."

"Is that Mr. Maxwell?" asked Milly, simply. She had often seen him with Fergus.

"Ah, you know him. Yes, it is he."

"And now," said Miss Laurie, addressing Mrs. Harvey, "I must give you our special excuse for this intrusion. We have come to invite you and Miss Harvey to take tea with us this day fortnight."

Mrs. Harvey glanced at Milly. Milly looked bright and eager.

Therefore Mrs. Harvey answered: "Thank you. We shall be very happy to come."

"We are very glad to have the opportunity of making such friends," Fergus observed, with that touch of reserved warmth in his tone, which suggested so much.

"Yes, indeed," said his sister Robina aside to Mrs. Webber, "for paying a visit or receiving one has grown quite a novelty with us. We have been so very poor, that it has been quite impossible for us to keep any equal terms with such people as we would wish, and we are rather too proud to accept friendship on any other footing."

"We have been very poor, too," said Hatty, but she spoke stiffly.

"We are going to invite Mr. and Mrs. George Harvey," Fergus went on. "Very likely they will not despise an opportunity for a long evening with you. And we shall be delighted to see you and Mr. Webber, too," he added, turning to Hatty. "My mother and sister will do their best to entertain you."

"Oh, yes, we'll do our best," said Robina, "only my brother knows a great deal about it, you know, and fancies it is quite as easy to receive twelve people as six. But do come—if you'll only look over short-comings, and take us as you find us."

"Thank you very much," Hatty answered, with the chill of her manner setting into hard frost; "but we do not go out very often, and cannot see our own old friends as often as we would wish. So you must excuse us."

And then Robina Laurie felt she had done something wrong, and that she would have a scolding from her brother, and would have been glad of a little more delay, before he requested that Milly's drawing might be wrapped up, and put in his charge, and then took leave.

"What do you think of them, Hatty?" Milly asked, eagerly, when they were gone. Fergus Laurie had been such a prominent subject in all her recent conversations with her sister, that she was delighted to hope that this personal acquaintance might give them a mutual interest in him.

"Well, Milly, I can't say I fell in love with either of them," Hatty returned.

"I don't think you understood him," said Milly. "You thought he himself meant what he said, whereas he was only stating the general feeling of most people."

"Well, at any rate, I don't like the sister," persisted Hatty, "and as they are people who are so particular to have their friends on an equality with them, they have no right to invite our George."

"Oh," said Miss Brook, grimly, "don't you know that equality generally means that one's as good as one's superiors, but better than one's equals, and above touching one's inferiors?"

"I don't know more of Miss Laurie than you do," Milly conceded. "But I cannot understand how she gave Hatty so much offence. She owns that she has lost the habit of talking to strangers, and I daresay it is a kind of nervousness which makes her over open. In a world where we all require to have so much patience with each other, it is surely easy to be patient with that. You are generally so good-humored, Hatty—a great deal more good-humored than I am. But Miss Laurie saw you were affronted."

"I can't endure being patronized," said Hatty. "And if she did not find it a pleasure to have us, why should she think it could be a pleasure for us to go?"

"Children, children," put in Mrs. Harvey, "don't forget that the Bible exhorts us to that charity which thinketh no evil. Better to be disappointed in people, than grow so wise as never to trust, or to forgive

in little matters where there may be mutual misunderstanding."

"Do you think I have much of that wisdom, mother?" Hatty asked, pitifully. This married daughter was always keenly touched by the least reproof from Mrs. Harvey. "I'm sure I don't want it," she added, "and I'm quite ready to own that perhaps I didn't take to the Lauries because I couldn't help wondering what they would have thought of me, in the happy old days when I scoured down the house at Mile End."

"They would have loved and admired you," cried Milly. "At any rate, he would. In spite of his cold manner, I am sure he is very warm-hearted and far seeing. They are but shallow people who fancy warm manners and warm hearts must go together!"

Shallow indeed! But scarcely more shallow than the sentimentalists who think that warm hearts are always hidden in cold exteriors.

Meanwhile, Fergus and Robina trudged some distance in silence. Robina was afraid to speak, lest she should bring out the lecture which she felt was due. It came soon enough.

"I don't know what you can think of yourself," said her brother. "I extend my invitation to somebody who is accidentally present when the original one is given, and you back it up by saying what an immense deal of trouble it will give if it is accepted. You have no breeding, Robina. But you might have a little regard for me. I think I am the first person to be considered in these affairs. The entertainment is mine, and if you find I am putting too much work upon you, you could but tell me privately that you must have assistance."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry," said Robina, in a tone curiously balanced between conciliation and defiance, "But I did not think you could really want the Webbers' company. The man keeps a shop in the Mile End Road, and speaks like a person who has never been to school. You spoke of going a little into society because it might help you to get on. I don't see that the Webbers' friendship could be any advantage to you."

Robina had only quoted his own words, though certainly with that added shade of meaning which quoted words always have. He could not deny them, but they jarred him now. They had been uttered less as his own sentiment than as a motive which would appeal to his mother and sister. Fergus had genuine hospitable and social instincts. His greatest fault was his egotism, with its strong self-will. But then that is the lean kine which swallows many fat ones. He would have his own way, and whoever refuses to turn aside in that path must certainly often wade through dirty places.

"I dare say Mrs. George Harvey will not be sorry not to meet her brother-in-law," Robina put in, emboldened by her brother's silence. "Now I do hope she and her husband will come. I wonder what the Devons will think of our inviting their niece? But we have quite a right to do so. You are able to serve Miss Harvey, and Miss Christian was not above

marrying Miss Harvey's brother. Besides, I don't know what Mrs. George Harvey's own father was. Her Uncle Robert, who adopted her, was only a bookseller."

Fergus heard and did not hear. He was ready enough at times to listen to such talk and to join in it. But it was not what pleased him best. Still it was one of the influences of his life. If he had taken one of his own minor wills he would have silenced it, as small, mean and unworthy, but then he had a larger and more material will, in gaining which it seemed to him that his sister Robina might be useful. And though their view of family affection gave him freedom to gibe at Robina, it was unprecedented among the Lauries to administer that kind of firm, loving rebuke which claims an altered course of speech or action. Robina would not have borne this; Fergus would never have thought of giving it.

Next day Milly received this note:

"DEAR MISS HARVEY—Your sketch is accepted with great approbation, as I expected and as it deserved. Go on as you have begun. I hope to get better terms for you than those I first stated. But, with your leave, I think it best to keep you and my friend in your present mutual ignorance till this transaction is concluded. I do not think you will lose if you repose this much confidence in me.

"With my respectful greetings to your mother, I remain,

"Faithfully yours,
FERGUS OGILVIE LAURIE."

"She's done it," he announced to his friend David Maxwell when he met him that evening. "It's my belief that she'd do whatever she took in hand. And she does it in such beautiful simplicity. tries and succeeds, and doesn't seem to know it! But I think she wants somebody to tell her what to try. She doesn't feel her own strength enough. It is not sufficiently stirred within her to goad her to put it forth on something. She wants leading out."

"What line did she choose for the first picture?" David asked.

"Motionless as a cloud the old man stood," quoted Fergus. "And she made a downright portrait of that crossing-sweeper. I was afraid at first that it might be too literal to be pleasing, for it was wonderful as a likeness. But Mr. Smith never dreams of noticing a face out of a picture."

And then David Maxwell, left to himself, fell into a train of thought which had never troubled Fergus or occurred to Millicent. He thought to himself that if the outward man of this parish crossing-sweeper would serve so well as a type of the grand simple old hero of the poem, might not the fitness rise from some spiritual resemblance? Was it quite fair to take him as a type of patient endurance, and not try to lighten his burden—if by ever so little? This old man had unconsciously done Millicent a service which she must have missed had he not kept his face noble and steadfast amid all the cares and squablers of bitter poverty and decrepitude. David, loving Millicent in his silent romantic way, felt a yearning to show

kindness to him for her sake, as well as sympathy for the possible sufferings and character which might have made him so fit a form for a fine ideal. David did not understand the too common enjoyment of rubbing up one's emotions without producing one electric spark of action. Never mind that, all he could do in this case was to buy his winter gloves of Berlin thread instead of kid, so that on the next Sunday morning, when his stepmother happened not to be with him, he was able to slip half a crown into the sweeper's hand.

The old man looked up suddenly, but without a start.

"God bless you, sir," he said. "I knowed it would come, for things was just about down at their worst, and something allays does come then. God bless you, sir."

Next Sunday the old man was not in his accustomed place. He was dead. He had died suddenly of heart disease, and the parish people found a whole shilling in his little canvas bag. David's charity had gone with him to the end.

"I cannot think how that Mr. Maxwell can choose to wear Berlin gloves," thought Milly to herself, "he must be very stingy."

She little dreamed that if there were more of his genuine appreciation of the truths which all art is only created to illustrate, there might be fewer subjects for sad pictures and pathetic poems and—more Berlin gloves!

(To be continued.)

UNKIND WORDS.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

WE have no balm to heal the wound,
We speak them in an evil hour,
To neutralize their grievous power
There can no anodyne be found.

We give regret and bitter tears
That pride of ours should cost so much,
The dear regard and trust of such
As loved us through the fading years.

And yet the ill-starred hour will come
When falls the cutting word of ire,
That burns some heart with eating fire,
And love we held, for us is dumb.

And so a spell the dim years weave,
O'er many a heart of fearful strength,
And treasured friends become, at length,
Estranged, though silently they grieve.

How hard it is to feel that the power of life is to be found inside, not outside; in the heart and thoughts, not in the visible actions and show; in the living seed, not in the plant which has no root! How often do men cultivate the garden of their souls just the other way!

THE putting in order is a delightful occupation, and is at least analogous to a virtue. Virtue is the love of moral order.

THE WINE QUESTION IN SOCIETY.

[T] is universally admitted among sensible and candid people that drunkenness is the great curse of our social and national life. It is not characteristically American, for the same may be said with greater emphasis of the social and national life of Great Britain; but it is one of those things about which there is no doubt. Cholera and small-pox bring smaller fatality, and almost infinitely smaller sorrow. There are fathers and mothers, and sisters and wives, and innocent and wondering children, within every circle that embraces a hundred lives, who grieve to-day over some hopeless victim of the seductive destroyer. In the city and in the country—North, East, South and West—there are men and women who cannot be trusted with wine in their hands—men and women who are conscious, too, that they are going to destruction, and who have ceased to fight an appetite that has the power to transform every soul and every home it occupies into a hell. Oh, the wild prayers for help that go up from a hundred thousand despairing slaves of strong drink to-day! Oh, the shame, the disappointment, the fear, the disgust, the awful pity, the mad protests that rise from a hundred thousand homes! And still the smoke of the everlasting torment rises, and still we discuss the "wine question," and the "grape culture," and live on as if we had no share in the responsibility for so much sin and shame and suffering.

Society bids us furnish wine at our feasts, and we furnish it just as generously as if we did not know that a certain percentage of all the men who drink it will die miserable drunkards, and inflict lives of pitiful suffering upon those who are closely associated with them. There are literally hundreds of thousands of people in polite life in America who would not dare to give a dinner, or a party, without wine, notwithstanding the fact that in many instances they can select the very guests who will drink too much on every occasion that gives them an opportunity. There are old men and women who invite young men to their feasts, whom they know cannot drink the wine they propose to furnish without danger to themselves and disgrace to their companions and friends. They do this sadly, often, but under the compulsions of social usage. Now we understand the power of this influence; and every sensitive man must feel it keenly. Wine has stood so long as an emblem and representative of good cheer and generous hospitality, that it seems stingy to shut it away from our festivities, and deny it to our guests. Then, again, it is so generally offered at the tables of our friends, and it is so difficult, apparently, for those who are accustomed to it to make a dinner without it, that we hesitate to offer water to them. It has a niggardly—almost an unfriendly—seeming; yet what shall a man do who wishes to throw what influence he has on the side of temperance?

The question is not new. It has been up for an answer every year and every moment since men thought or talked about temperance at all. We know of but one answer to make to it. A man cannot, without stultifying and morally debasing himself, fight in public that which he tolerates in private. We have heard of such things as writing temperance addresses with a denijohn under the table; and society has learned by heart the old talk against drinking too much—"the excess of the thing, you know"—by those who have the power of drinking a little, but who would sooner part with their right eye than with that little. A man who talks temperance with a wine-glass in his hand is simply trying to brace himself so that he can hold it without shame. We do not deny that many men have self-control, or that they can drink wine through life without suffering, to themselves or others. It may seem hard that they should be deprived of a comfort or a pleasure because others are less fortunate in their temperament or their power of will. But the question is whether a man is willing to sell his power to do good to a great multitude for a glass of wine at dinner. That is the question in its plainest terms. If he is, then he has very little benevolence, or a very inadequate apprehension of the evils of intemperance.

What we need in our metropolitan society is a declaration of independence. There are a great many good men and women in New York who lament the drinking habits of society most sincerely. Let these all declare that they will minister no longer at the social altars of the great destroyer. Let them declare that the indiscriminate offer of wine at dinners and social assemblies is not only criminal but vulgar, as it undoubtedly is. Let them declare that for the sake of the young, the weak, the vicious—for the sake of personal character, and family peace, and social purity, and national strength—they will discard wine from their feasts from this time forth and forever, and the work will be done. Let them declare that it shall be vulgar—as it undeniably is—for a man to quarrel with his dinner because his host fails to furnish wine. This can be done now, and it needs to be done now, for it is becoming every day more difficult to do it. The habit of wine-drinking at dinner is quite prevalent already. European travel is doing much to make it universal; and if we go on extending it at the present rate, we shall soon arrive at the European indifference to the whole subject. There are many clergymen in New York who have wine upon their tables and who furnish it to their guests. We keep no man's conscience, but we are compelled to say that they sell influence at a shamefully cheap rate. What can they do in the great fight with this tremendous evil? They can do nothing, and are counted upon to do nothing.

If the men and women of good society wish to have less drinking to excess, let them stop drinking moderately.

ately. If they are not willing to break off the indulgence of a feeble appetite for the sake of doing a great good to a great many people, how can they expect a poor, broken-down wretch to deny an appetite that is stronger than the love of wife and children, and even life itself? The punishment of the failure to do duty in this business is sickening to contemplate. The sacrifice of life and peace and wealth will go on. Every year young men will rush wildly to the devil, middle-aged men will booze away into apoplexy, and old men will swell up with the sweet

poison and become disgusting idiots. What will become of the women? We should think that they had suffered enough from this evil to hold it under everlasting ban, yet there are drunken women as well as drinking clergymen. Society, however, has a great advantage in the fact that it is vulgar for a woman to drink. There are some things that a woman may not do, and maintain her social standing. Let her not quarrel with the fact that society demands more of her than it does of men. It is her safeguard in many ways.—*Scribner's Monthly*.

THE MISTRESS OF ABBEYLANDS.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

CHAPTER I.

SIIR ROBERT was married yesterday, Miss Penn, and he and my lady are to be home in a fortnight. Mother's had a letter from him." Bessie Martyn, the housekeeper's pretty, innocent daughter, told her news quite jubilantly, but her glad, dimpled smile died away as her companion turned from the window, where she had been staring moodily out at the autumn foliage and leaf-strewn glades of the park, and smiled scornfully at her.

"Many thanks for your stale news, my dear. I knew 'my lady' was coming to us in a fortnight. 'My lady,' forsooth! The poor old Manchester shop-keeper hardly thought his daughter, Miss Kitty Mansfield, would be the mistress of Abbeylands—hardly, indeed—Lady Katherine Lindsey!"

"Well, but isn't she, Miss Penn?" urged Bessie, rather timidly.

"Of course, my dear—Lady Katherine Lindsey, by all means. She will take you for her maid, Bessie, until she gets a French one; or perhaps she will keep two—such a grand lady might."

There was such a world of contempt and bitterness in those last words that Bessie, glancing uneasily from Miss Penn's smiling mouth to her cold, vengeful eyes, shrank away in silence, and left the room. It was rather an odd thing that this young woman's acquaintances always became nervously fearful of her anger, although they might be no ways concerned in it.

"And I say I wonder at you, to talk like that before Bessie," said Mrs. Martyn. "She'll tell on you one of those days—mark my words; she's a wilful lassie."

"And I say I don't care one pin, Mrs. Martyn," retorted Miss Penn to the housekeeper's warning; and, opening the glass door, she went down the old-fashioned stone steps to the terrace.

"Ah, but you do care, my girl; and why shouldn't you?" muttered Mrs. Martyn to herself. "I am not much better pleased than yourself at the changes making, but I can keep my tongue quiet and civil, which you can't, Caroline Penn; and you'll rue it, as sure as I stand here."

Mrs. Martyn went her way to prepare for the coming of the new mistress over the household, which

had owned no sway superior to her own for many a day and year; and Caroline Penn wandered up and down in the coming twilight, looking at the irregular outline of the old Abbey, the projecting gables, the clustering chimneys, the queer old mullioned windows, and the side-wings of the building, ivy-grown, crumbling and ruinous; at the broad, smooth walks beneath the ancient linden trees, along the wide terrace, past the small octagonal room with the southern aspect, which was known as "my lady's," and where "my lady's" own favorite garden-chair, with her initials carved on the woodwork, yet stood beside the darkened window.

Caroline Penn's position in Sir Robert Lindsey's household was a somewhat anomalous one. She had been old Lady Harriette Lindsey's salaried "companion," nurse, confidante, and slave for several years; and when she died, she left Caroline a small annuity—a very small annuity it was, in truth; but Sir Robert had hardly the power, if he had the will, to enlarge it. His mother's faithful attendant was a lady-like, intelligent person, who made herself very useful—oh, how useful she did make herself to Sir Robert! She had no home to go to; she spoke pitifully of her friendless state, and implored to be let live in some forgotten room of the old ruined wing of the Abbey, and never interfere with dear Sir Robert. So the result was, that dear Sir Robert offered her a home in the Abbey for an indefinite term, and was very kind and courteous to her in his frigid, stately way, looking upon her merely as a sort of upper servant—he had never looked upon her as anything else. He was one of the proudest, coldest, haughtiest men in England; and Caroline Penn owned it to herself, in dire and keen mortification, as she stood beside my lady's chair; for she had hoped for something else, upper servant though he might consider her. It was for that she had striven night and day to please him, to make herself useful and agreeable to him, to constitute herself his amanuensis and account-keeper; it was for that she had labored ceaselessly to win some expressions of condescending esteem and approbation. And now, after all the splendid *chateaux en Espagne* she had built, after all the glowing hopes and ceaseless anxiety, after all the presumptuous dreams and all the wiles and efforts, Lady Katherine

Lindesay was mistress of Abbeylands—mistress of Abbeylands, though her birth was of lower degree than Caroline Penn's, whose father had been "a barrister and a gentleman," as Caroline was wont to say. "What a thought!" she would exclaim angrily, and with a regretful sigh, "a Manchester tradesman's daughter, because of her heavy purse, comes here as 'my lady,' and to rule over me!"

She repeated the words bitterly and passionately several times, as she continued pacing up and down by the rows of dark-shuttered windows—more bitterly and more passionately each time. It was the climax of injuries, the acme of wrongs to Caroline Penn, with all her crushed hopes and ambitions lying at her feet, like the withered damask petals from the tall standard roses, or the sere and fallen leaves, which stirred and rustled on the terrace wall in the cold night wind.

No wonder pretty smiling Bessie Martyn, sitting at her mother's tea-table, in the housekeeper's cosey room, with its warm crimson carpet and chintz-covered sofa and chairs, its glowing fire and bright lamp, and the tempting little round table draped in white, glittering with china and burnished spoons and teapot, and a suggestive dish-cover over some hot dainties—no wonder pretty Bessie looked aghast at the figure that stalked in, who was to form a third in the social party. She was shivering with cold, her dress disordered, her hair roughened and wet with the night dews; and in Caroline Penn's pale, sharp features was an expression not good to see.

Bessie saw it no more, however, after that evening. Miss Penn's face wore its usual expression all through the ensuing fortnight, amid the bustle of preparations for the advent of the bride. All through the laying down of carpets, and hanging up of drapery, and decorating, polishing and adorning of my lady's own apartments, Miss Penn made herself useful, and not disagreeable; and even on the last evening, when they were all assembled in the hall to receive the bridal-party, Miss Penn was smiling most affably, and looking almost handsome in her flowing brown-silk dress, which had been Lady Harriette's, and the jet ornaments, which had also belonged to her late mistress. And when Sir Robert and my lady at length arrived, the most courteous smile and most demonstrative welcome they received was from Miss Penn. But for one moment there was the look in Miss Penn's face which was not good to see. It was the moment when my lady paused beneath the softly-diffused radiance of the great globe hall-lamp, to acknowledge the respectful greeting of her new servants.

She was a young, foreign-looking woman, of medium height, a pale-olive complexion, delicate features, large radiant eyes of changeful hue, and a noble brow crowned by a wealth of shaded, waving, curling hair; she was dressed in a splendid maize-colored silk, shading from hazel to bright gold, like her hair; her bonnet, of black tulle, sparkling with powdery golden scintillations and dewy *Gloire de Dijon* roses, of creamiest, pinkiest tint, looked like the diadem of an empress; there were diamonds glittering on her slender hands, diamonds pendent from

her tiny, shell-like ears. There was more than all the wealth and charms beside—there was the evidence of a lofty spirit, a strong will, and the truth, pride and honor of a noble, womanly nature apparent in her face, voice and bearing.

She was proud, honorable, courageous, beautiful, and wealthy; and Caroline Penn, looking on her, hated her from her inmost heart. She was Lady Lindesay, the mistress of Abbeylands, from the highest wave of her curling hair to the hem of her gorgeous silken robe, and, looking after her, as Mrs. Martyn obsequiously escorted her to her apartments, Caroline Penn muttered amazedly to herself, "The Manchester tradesman's daughter."

Yes, it was truth, that fact which Caroline Penn had had malicious triumph in discovering. Old John Mansfield had made his fortune by patenting some discovery in cotton dyes, and his daughter was Katherine Lindesay, the mistress of Abbeylands. Her mother was dead, she told Sir Robert, and her father had died only two years before. So much the better, Sir Robert thought. For this was the thorn in the flesh to him, the gall in the cup of sweetness, the cloud on the sunshine of his prosperity. This beautiful, wealthy woman whom he had married, whom he had brought to his ancestral home to share in and perpetuate its glories—she who was to take her place in the family tree amidst the haughty, high-born dames of the house of Lindesay, who was to be the mother of the heirs of Abbeylands, whose wealth was to stay its crumbling foundations and revive its fading splendor—she was a low-born woman, a plebeian, a child of uneducated, hard-handed tradesfolk. She was a blot on the stainless escutcheon, for all her money and her beauty. Robert Lindesay de Lindesay, the descendant of barons, knights and warriors, had sold himself for the Manchester tradesman's gold. Others might do this, but not a Lindesay. At the spotless lists of their pedigree none might point and say, "Here were honor and principles bartered," or the keenest malice whisper, "*A mésalliance!*" If the fair and haughty maids and matrons of the house of Lindesay brought little else for dower, they brought fields argent and fields or, gules, supporters, and mailed hands; unfortunately, because of the degeneracy of the times, even these were inadequate to supply the place of more material aids, and the bitter truth became more and more evident to each titled generation, that the vulgar, democratic, pertinacious guest, Poverty, had come to dwell in the shadow of the tattered banners and time-dimmed escutcheons—to impress its grim crest and motto on empty jewel-cases and on lean purses, and darken, by the shadow of its baleful presence, all the pride and glory of the old Abbey and its broad lands.

It was left to Robert Lindesay to save the stately barque which had floated so gallantly through four centuries of time, or to stand by in inert despair, and see it go down in a whirlpool of cruel debt and mortgage. For it would go down; nothing could save it, except the yawning gulf were bridged, the

raging whirlpool appeased. Vampire claws, with the dread fiat "Foreclosure" held threateningly aloft, were stretching out over the ancient woods, the broad smooth glades with their herds of quiet deer, the gray turrets, and escutcheons carved in stone; and they must be restrained, else they would never draw back until they had seized all the substance and glory of the house of Lindesay, the titles and dignities and heirlooms—all its past, present and future.

Robert Lindesay restrained them, bridged the yawning gulf, brightened the tarnished splendor, and placed the crumbling foundations of his ancestral home on a surer basis than they had had for many a day and year. He accomplished it all with old John Mansfield's money. The tradesman's gold, earned in dingy shops and factories, was the means of resenting all the knights and barons and titled dames from oblivion. To know this was bitter enough, but it was still bitterer to Robert Lindesay's sensitive pride and honor to feel that it was, in truth, Katherine Mansfield who bestowed home and lands and titles on him—not he on her. He knew it, and the knowledge irritated him into justice; for he did not love her, this beautiful young woman, whom he had married for her money. His pride had been too deeply humbled before her and her vulgar Manchester trustees; the poverty of the Lindesays had been in the dust before the coarse tread of those purse-proud cotton-lords. He had been false to all the traditions of his race, for the sake of the golden dross which she possessed abundantly, and which he so sorely lacked. He hated her money, and there were times when he felt that he might come to hate herself. It might be all very well for the "Lord of Burleigh" to point to his stately castle and liveried retainers, and say to the village maiden whom he had wedded, "All of this is mine and thine;" but it would not be quite so pleasant for the "Lord of Burleigh" to feel that it was the village maiden who owned the stately castle and retainers in reality, and that he was to be a mere pensioner on her bounty.

Besides, a deeper feeling was at work in Sir Robert Lindesay's heart, which was that of a good and true man, beneath all the haughty coldness. There were times when he felt that he might have wronged Katherine Mansfield, even when he made her mistress of Abbeylands. If the woman he had married had been unlovable in mind or person, a stolid, elderly, money-loving spinster, the mercenary barter would have been more evenly balanced; but each day brought the knowledge more fully home to him, that the preponderance of obligation was cruelly on his side, do what he would, since she had cast into the scale, besides her splendid gift of wealth, her youth, her high spirits, her native talents, her fresh, gay, girlish heart, and her winning, peculiar beauty. Not that he believed this clever, quick-tempered, frank-spoken, handsome girl felt one particle of real love for him. He soothed his uneasy heart with the miserable assurance that in this matter, at least, he had not accepted at her hands that which he could not repay.

CHAPTER II.

"WHERE is Lady Lindesay, Miss Penn?" replied Miss Penn, laying down her work in order that she might emphasize each syllable more distinctly. "Her ladyship ordered out the ponies and her own phæton, and drove away more than an hour ago. She may have gone to Charlton Mere; I heard her say something of it the other day."

"To Charlton Mere!" repeated Sir Robert; "that is a strange fancy. Along such a bleak, bad road, too! Who went with her?"

"Her own groom—her 'tiger,' I think her ladyship calls him—ha, ha! Odd name, isn't it, Sir Robert? She prefers him to the other grooms—he is such a clever, active boy."

Sir Robert made no reply, but left the room with a frown on his brow, of which Miss Penn caught a momentary glance.

"'Her ladyship,' and 'her ladyship's' humors, my dear Sir Robert," she muttered, with a grimace and a mocking curtsey to the half-closed door. "High-born ladies have many whims and fancies, you know, sir; and besides 'my lady' bought you."

Audible soliloquies are dangerous, and Miss Penn seldom indulged in them, except when sure of the absence of eavesdroppers. But the wisest may err, and the most cautious cannot always guard against accidents, and it so happened that Bessie Martyn, who had stepped back into a recess beside a tall knight in armor standing on guard near the library door, when she saw Sir Robert about to enter the room, had, after his hasty exit, heard every word of Caroline Penn's malicious self-communing. Bessie knew that Caroline Penn disliked and envied the rich, beautiful young lady who had come to reign over them all, but there was evidence of some deeper, darker feeling in her carefully veiled taunts to Sir Robert of his wife's wilfulness and haughtiness and independence of him and his belongings, expressed in those few deferential sentences to which her scornful after-utterances were as a key. The light-hearted, affectionate girl absolutely shivered with some indefinable apprehension, much as she had done that first day, when she announced Sir Robert's marriage to the ambitious lady-dependant.

"Mother," she said, about a quarter of an hour afterward, to the portly housekeeper as she sat in the warm red-carpeted sanctum, making up tradesmen's bills, "I am afraid Miss Penn will make differences between my lady and Sir Robert."

"Law bless me, Bessie!" cried her mother, putting down a pair of ducks at ten and sixpence, and a leg of mutton at half a crown, "you don't say so, child!"

"I am afraid of it, mother," said Bessie, shaking her head; "I know she hates my lady."

"She's not very fond of her, that's certain," said Mrs. Martyn; "but what has she been saying?"

"Well, I can hardly tell," replied Bessie; "not much; but she says things so spitefully, and she is always watching my lady wherever she goes."

"Hem!" replied Mrs. Martyn, taking up her pen;

she knew well the sneers and innuendoes that Caroline Penn had uttered to her against her mistress in spare hours of gossip. "Don't you get into trouble, child, and don't mind Caroline Penn," she said, unwilling, even in her common worldly shrewdness, to poison her innocent daughter's mind by any repetition of Caroline Penn's malignant hints. "What's that you're making, Bessie?"

"A black satin sash for my lady's new velvet walking-dress, mother," replied Bessie, holding up the rich shining material, which she was tastefully fabricating.

"You're very clever with your needle, Bessie," remarked the mother, with much pride.

"That's what my lady says," said Bessie, laughing and blushing; "and she's going to give me her beautiful blue-crape dress, mother. It's not a bit soiled, only my lady says it doesn't become her, and that it will become me—that dark, royal blue, mother."

"I know, Bessie," responded her mother; and, looking at her pretty, happy daughter, and thinking how the blue crape would set off Bessie's fair hair and rosy cheeks, her heart softened unwontedly.

"She's very kind to you, lassie, isn't she?" she asked, gently.

"Oh, very, mother," said Bessie, earnestly; "I never met any one so good, and she is so handsome, and so gay and pleasant, and not a bit proud."

"Well, Bessie, my girl," advised her mother, steadily, "you keep to my lady, and don't mind what any one says against her."

Moodily, up and down the long terrace, beneath the now budding linden trees, Sir Robert paced in the chill calm of the spring evening, awaiting my lady's return.

"She comes and goes without telling me a word," he said, bitterly, "with 'her own' carriage, and 'her own' ponies, and 'her own' servants! Even Caroline Penn notices it—I am sure she does. Of course, what else could I expect? What right have I to blame her? She can do as she pleases; she has money enough in her own right to keep a separate establishment if she likes! I have no power—I must be silent. She gave me her money, and bought her title of Lady Lindesay with sixty thousand pounds, and she has a right to enjoy it. She has ever so many more thousands to spend as best suits her; and when she paid off the mortgages on my estate and gave me possession of my own roof again, she did all that can be expected of her."

Sir Robert switched savagely at some delicate crocuses in a border beside him, and smashed them with his walking-stick—he did not know that Caroline Penn was watching him, and enjoying the sight of his perturbation.

"I could hardly be absurd enough to expect that she was going to devote herself to me," he went on, with a sharp, impatient sigh; "she is very handsome, and clever enough to know it, and a great many other things beside. I was afraid at first that she would not become her position, that she might do unconventional and eccentric things, but—but—"

What was Sir Robert going to say? The expression of his face would have puzzled Miss Penn if she could have seen it; but, by the time he reached her window in his long promenade, there was nothing but stern gloom on his features.

"Will you not come in, Sir Robert?" said Miss Penn, opening the French sashes, and smiling pleasantly. "I have heard you coughing, and the evening is really very cold, although it is so still—it is very late, too."

She stirred up the blazing fire in the brilliant register grate, until its mellow radiance tinted the ceiling and walls of the large, lofty room; she wheeled over a velvet easy-chair and footstool, and adjusted the reading-lamp on the small table by Sir Robert's evening paper.

"Do come in, dear Sir Robert!" she pleaded. "I am really uncomfortable to leave you out there with this raw mist coming over the woods as it does every night."

So Sir Robert came in, and sat down in his velvet chair, and pretended to read his paper; but all his attention was absorbed in listening for my lady's return—and Miss Penn knew it.

"I will run up to her ladyship's dressing-room," she murmured, presently, as if to herself. "I hope her maid has good fires in her apartments, after such a long, cold drive."

The watchful eyes marked how Sir Robert stirred uneasily at this allusion, and she went on.

"What a splendid driver Lady Lindesay is, Sir Robert! She thinks nothing of thirty miles, she told me."

"Ah," said Sir Robert, deep lines coloring on his broad forehead, "her ladyship is fond of driving, when she goes long distances in such weather as this."

"Yes, indeed," Miss Penn began, when the sound of crunching wheels, and a sharp volley of knocks on the great oaken door of the front entrance, stopped her.

"Here she is!" interrupted Sir Robert; and there was a flash of relief and pleasure in his eyes and voice.

The door opened, and my lady entered, handsomer than even on that first evening that Caroline Penn saw her, with a glowing color, radiant in scarlet draperies and white furs, beautiful, proud and prosperous. What a contrast she was, with her bright hair clustering behind her in rich disorder, her gay, rich, voluminous wrappings, and the white and crimson plumes of her hat waving in the current of air made by her entrance, to Caroline Penn's rigid neatness and simplicity of attire!

"You have had a long drive, my lady," said Sir Robert, in the cold, courteous tone he always assumed to her; perhaps a shade warmer it was—but for Caroline Penn's presence, perhaps, it might have been tender.

"Yes—rather; I hope I have not kept you waiting dinner, Sir Robert?" she said, and there was a trace of nervousness in her voice.

"No, Lady Lindesay, I have not waited dinner," he answered, stiffly; "but it is very late."

Did Caroline Penn know what he was thinking of all the time he sat staring at the article in the newspaper, until dinner was announced, and he conducted my lady into the dining-room.

"In what direction did you drive Lady Lindesay?" he asked, during a pause in the progress of the second course.

"Toward Charlton Mere," said my lady, without looking up.

"Such a wretched district to fancy, to drive through!" observed Sir Robert, gazing at her. "I wonder you would take your ponies along that dangerous, marshy road?"

Was it the hue of her ladyship's violet dress that made her face so pale? Caroline Penn wondered. "She was rosy enough when she came in," she thought. "I'll go to Charlton Mere one of these days," decided the astute young woman.

"No, I was not afraid to take them; they went beautifully," said my lady; but she did not look at her husband's face.

"There's mischief brewing," muttered Caroline Penn, smiling cunningly to herself, in her own neat apartment, late that same night. She was tacking "tuckers" on her dresses was tidy Caroline, and affixing small bows of ribbon in front. "There's mischief brewing, as sure as I sit here. Ah, Sir Robert, you'll rue your rich, handsome young wife, my dear gentleman! Abbeylands is too dull and too tiresome for such a gay, spirited young woman! I'll find out about Charlton Mere before I'm a week older."

"Bessie Martyn," said my lady to her maid, in the luxurious dressing-room on the first floor, above the octagonal boudoir down-stairs, and as she spoke she gazed wistfully with her large, gray, soulful eyes at the two faces mirrored before her, as Bessie brushed out her silken hair, and laid away in their many-shaped morocco cases the tinkling, glittering ornaments she had worn—"Bessie, have you many friends?"

"Yes, my lady," replied Bessie, with a smile of surprise.

"You are a happy girl," said her mistress, slowly; "there are many in the world who have not one they can trust."

And who was he who restlessly tossed on his lonely pillow through the long hours of darkness, uttering feverishly, as the silence and the gloom brought up troops of delirious, unreal fears and harrassing regrets, "Oh, Katherine, Katherine! I am rightly punished for my mercenary marriage! Oh, Katherine! I should have loved you before I married you, and tried to make you love me, my beautiful young wife, who neither trusts me nor cares for me now!"

Could this be the same stately gentleman who slightly alluded to a bad headache at breakfast next morning, as an excuse for his want of appetite, and in the same breath informed my lady that he had decided on giving the dinner-party about which he had been speaking to her yesterday, and if she had any-

thing to suggest, he should be glad to see her in the library after breakfast.

"No, I have nothing to suggest," she said, languidly, leaning on a chair near the library window, with the bright, cold, spring sunshine radiating in the glossy ripples of her brown hair. She hardly looked at the list of invited guests, and sighed absently as she twined her delicate fingers in the tassel of the window-blind.

"Are you not well, Lady Lindesay?" asked her husband. He put the question anxiously, but it was uttered in a cold and measured tone.

"I am quite well, Sir Robert," replied her ladyship, rather sharply, and facing him in the determined, almost defiant attitude, that had grown to be rather habitual to her in the four months of their married life. Presently she inquired if he wished to say anything more to her, and upon his saying "No," quitted the room, with her proud head erect, and her crimson cashmere morning-robe flowing back like a regal train; and, reaching her own dressing-room, she went in, locked the doors, and, flinging herself down on the nearest seat, sobbed and wept pitifully, like a desolate child.

"What a life—what a life!" she cried, crushing the silken pillows around her prostrate head to stifle the sound of her grief. "Other women have something or some one to love; I have nothing except—except that which is only a pain and—and—disgrace almost. Nothing! No friends, no one to love me, no husband, no children! I am Sir Robert Lindesay's wife, to be sure, and he regards me as an incubus, and thinks he sold himself cheaply when he married me. I am mistress of Abbeylands, without a creature I can thoroughly trust near me, and with a miserable secret torturing me day and night. Oh, father, I wish you had never made all this money!" cried the poor girl. "I was ten times happier when I only wore a linsey frock and diaper pinny, and ran home from school to your country house, to sit on the old desk near you, and eat sugar-candy—a happy little child. What is the use of being rich and being Lady Lindesay? I am truly miserable and friendless."

Miserable, and friendless, and alone, save for the presence of her little maid, from whose mute sympathy she strove to conceal her fair face, all blurred with passionate weeping; her youth, beauty, and title, her wealth, her rich attire, her luxurious apartments, availings not one jot to alleviate the pain and anxiety at her heart.

"I am not well, Bessie," she said, drearily. "Do not allow any one to come in unless—unless Sir Robert comes."

But Sir Robert never came. He sat alone in the library, with his head resting on his hands, until the entrance of Caroline Penn, with a modest apology for disturbing him, obliged him to rouse himself.

"About your proposed dinner-party, Sir Robert," said she, with a meek smile; "there are several little matters in respect of which I should like some directions from you or her ladyship. Mrs. Martyn will be

anxious. Game now, for instance—it ought to hang so long, you know, Sir Robert; and really, just some directions about any particular dishes you might wish, or, if any of the guests were likely to remain at the Abbey, the suites of apartments should be aired."

Miss Penn always alluded to Sir Robert's station and Sir Robert's residence as if they were semi-royal at the least.

"Oh! whatever you and Mrs. Martyn think best, Miss Penn," said Sir Robert, ungratefully impatient; "I don't know anything about it—you had better ask Lady Lindesay."

"Her ladyship is in her own apartments, Sir Robert," urged Miss Penn, with deferential reproachfulness; "she would not allow any one to disturb her."

She saw the grim lines around his lips, and she went away with a ladylike smile and inclination of her small sleek head.

Sir Robert shut the door savagely after her, tore up an unoffending sheet of paper, glanced over the list of guests with a heavy frown and a sigh, and muttered: "What a wretched, hopeless, galling, miserable mistake a loveless marriage is!"

(Concluded next month.)

EMILY FAITHFULL.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

IT was one of the dreariest of mountain autumn mornings, when my friend, Mrs. Laura C. Bullock, and I parted at the depot in Littleton, New Hampshire.

That whole scene comes back to me now with a singular vividness—the great black-throated depot, the white-gray clouds, and the dark masses of fog which shut in all the majesty and beauty of the mountains, and the face of my friend like a solitary star shining out into the cold and darkness. Down in the world below, beyond the clouds and mists, men were in the thick and strife of the coming election, but only the outer circles of the great wave reached the quiet mountain town where we had been passing the last month, and which closed with the cars rolling away into the gray ocean of mist that opened and swallowed them up.

And over another ocean, stormy with gales and equinoxes, a steamer was at that time bearing toward our shores, bringing the distinguished Englishwoman whose name had become already widely known amongst us, associated with strenuous efforts in behalf of the industrial and educational interests of her sex.

It had been arranged that Miss Faithfull, on first arriving in America, should make her home with my friend, who was now leaving the mountains to receive her guest.

It was not, however, until midwinter that I met Miss Faithfull under her friend's roof, on the evening of the "Women's Reception at Steinway Hall," and subsequently learned the facts which will form the substance of this article.

Emily Faithfull was born at Headley Rectory, in Surrey. Her father was a distinguished clergyman of the Church of England, and her life opened in that atmosphere of culture, convention and tradition which everybody on this side the water has glimpses of in the English stories and novels of the day.

The small Emily soon gave evidence, however, of the energy and courage which have distinguished her whole career. She was not more than ten years old, when, a pupil at a famous Kensington school,

she ran away from the establishment because she had been accused of "fibbing" by one of the teachers.

The high-spirited little English girl could not bear this disgrace. She climbed a wall twenty feet high, and proceeded to the nearest cab-stand, where she coolly ordered a cabman to take her to an elder sister's, residing at Clapham.

Looking at the small specimen of humanity who delivered this order, the cabman suspected the truth, and insisted on taking the runaway back to school.

The child was not daunted. She bravely turned to another cabman, who, more stolid or good-natured perhaps, carried the little girl to her elder sister's, where she was seriously admonished for her flight, and ordered to instantly return to school.

Somewhat crest-fallen by this time, the child entreated that she might be allowed to return in another cab.

All this happened between twenty and thirty years ago, and such a glaring defiance of the Kensington school authorities could not, of course, be overlooked. One learns with a kind of shudder that the little girl was "confined for three weeks in a damp room, where was laid the foundation of the asthma which has afflicted her for life."

But the woman's own verdict comes flashing like a ray of light down into the words: "That asthma was the guiding star of my life."

It forced her away, in her youth, from the air of Surrey, out from the pleasant English rectory, with its culture, and its traditions, and its picturesque old English life, to the wider opportunities, the hurry and friction of the great capital.

The young lady was presented at court; the most cultivated and fashionable circles of London were opened to the high-born English girl. But what could these offer to one whose heart and soul had been fired with an earnest purpose to be of some real service in the world where she found herself?

Early—so early that when I questioned her as to the time she could not remember—Miss Faithfull became deeply impressed with the needs and position of women in her own country. She discerned with

her clear vision the tragic side of their limitations and helplessness. She saw how they were hedged in by social canons and traditions. She wanted to open new avenues of employment to them, where, without harm to their womanly delicacy and dignity, they could maintain themselves independently; to make all honest labor respectable and remunerative for women as for men. She also earnestly desired to advance the educational interests of women; to elevate their standard of culture; to inspire them with nobler aims and purposes in living.

Most praiseworthy aspirations, certainly. But how was the young Englishwoman to set herself about carrying out this work? She had to face those tough old Anglo-Saxon prejudices and conventionalisms which have wrought themselves into the very fibre of English social life.

The cry, centuries old, was raised again, that these new-fangled notions would certainly take woman out of her appropriate sphere, and remove her from her home duties. As though whatever enlarged and elevated her nature could make her less fitted for all the duties and delights of the home whose God-appointed mistress she must always be!

In the face of all opposition, however, Miss Faithfull set her resolute soul to the work. Of course, much at first had to be tentative in this matter. The world turned its cold shoulder to her enthusiasm, and she had very little sympathy at the beginning. Very little of the world's great work ever does have.

One rule Miss Faithfull insisted on at the outset, from which she has never deviated, and that was that men and women should do their work together, so far as possible. She would not make invidious distinctions between the sexes. So earnest was her conviction here, that she positively refused to establish a fortnightly meeting for women only. Whatever benefit was to be derived from this movement by one sex the other should share also.

The lady was content with small beginnings. She cast her seed in the furrows nearest to her hand. First of all, she was associated with a small circle of friends in establishing a society for promoting the employment of women in any department for which she was fitted.

Here, of course, Miss Faithfull encountered all the delays, discouragements and vexations which are the certain lot of the benefactors of humanity. And I record here her solemn testimony, gained in the long, hard school of her manifold experience: "The greatest impediment in the way of woman's advancement in any department of remunerative industry is *her lack of training*."

It was in 1863 that Miss Faithfull first published the *Victoria Magazine*, which, though advocating pre-eminently the industrial claims of women, has a decided literary value. It circulates among the most cultivated and influential circles in England, and pleads eloquently there the cause and the needs of women, its compositions being composed entirely of these.

But Miss Faithfull discovered finally that no

amount of essays on the subject so dear to her heart would awaken the English reading public to a sense of its importance. She resolved at last on a new movement, engaged the Queen's Concert Rooms in Hanover Square, and delivered a lecture, entitled "The Position and Claims of Women."

I suppose we in America can hardly imagine the courage which this step cost a woman a little over her thirtieth birthday; for it was, I believe, in 1867 that Miss Faithfull delivered her first lecture.

Had the English gentlewoman's faith been less fervent in the cause to which she has dedicated her life, she would have shrunk from thus shocking the prejudices and ideas amid which she had been educated.

She herself had no expectation of the general interest which her lecture would arouse, and told me she would have been content with a small audience. But, to her surprise, the elegant rooms at Hanover Square were crowded with the fashionable and literary society of London. The clear rich voice must have told the large audience that night some truths that thrilled them; some honest words they must have carried back to the graceful, luxurious homes to haunt the soft air, like the solemn utterances of a prophet. And as Emily Faithfull looked that night upon the crowd of upturned faces, she must have felt a glow of enthusiastic pride that her hour at last had come, and that her work was recognized of men and women.

Indeed, that first lecture made a new era in her life. She quite took the hearts of the people by surprise. She made a name and a place then, which will doubtless last longer than her own life, as a Representative Woman, speaking the needs and wants of the dumb thousands who could find no voice for themselves.

The papers endorsed her views, and beamed encouraging paragraphs on her work. And from that hour it has gone bravely and steadily onward in the sunshine of public favor. Indeed, it seems almost incredible when you come to think, of the amount of work this one woman manages to perform. It is well that she has inherited a fine English physique, or she never could carry the burdens which, after all, seem to sit lightly upon her genial, warm, humor-loving nature.

At her rooms in Norfolk Square she gives lessons in public speaking, not only to ladies, but to clergymen and to Members of Parliament. She has established a Working Society for women, where anything in useful or ornamental handicraft finds a market. And here the Princess of Wales sends for needlebooks and pincushions; while Miss Faithful has the editorial charge of the *Victoria Magazine*, gives poetic and dramatic readings, and also lectures, frequently with great success, on historic and literary subjects, beside having the burden of an immense correspondence on all sorts of subjects on her hands.

In connection with this, she related to me a little incident, which, so far as I know, has never been repeated in this country.

Mrs. Caroline Norton, the poetess, had had some private correspondence with Miss Faithfull regarding the welfare of a young person in whom the former was deeply interested.

The advice desired had been generously bestowed, although neither of the ladies had ever seen each other. At last, however, the two met at a London party. The Honorable Mrs. Norton gazed with surprise on the fresh, thoughtful face before her, and exclaimed in amazement, "You Miss Faithfull, to whom I have been writing, and on whose advice I have been acting? Why, I pictured you to myself as a dear, old lady, with gray hair and a mob-cap!"

Queen Victoria, too, has shown the warmest interest in Miss Faithfull's work. She recently sent a message that the catalogue of the library at Buckingham Palace was being prepared by women.

At the World's Fair, also, Miss Faithfull exhibited specimens of her printing, which took the prize.

Just before sailing for America, she was made the recipient of a handsome testimonial from some of her distinguished countrymen and countrywomen. The gift consisted of a silver tea and coffee service—kettle and salver—of exquisite design, with a magnificent epergne. The inscription on the base of the epergne is as follows: "Presented to Miss Emily Faithfull, for her valuable services in promoting the educational and industrial interests of women."

Among the donors are the names of the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lady Franklin, Sir Charles Dilke, and others, whose names are graced with honors, not of inherited titles, but with the real nobility of Art, Science, Literature and Philanthropy.

In Miss Faithfull's reply to the presentation, there was one sentence which I cannot forbear quoting: "It is quite true that for some years I have devoted myself to a subject which has for me such an absorbing interest, that it is removed once and forever out of the region of self-sacrifice; but I wish I could persuade myself that I have been able to render any great or permanent benefit to the cause I gladly serve."

Miss Faithfull's especial object in visiting America was to obtain some new knowledge of the working of our institutions, especially with regard to the condition of working-women, their varied employments, their position, remuneration, anything, in short, relative to the subject so dear to her heart.

Her mission was semi-officially acknowledged in a note, which has never been published in this country, and which I therefore lay, for the first time, before my readers, as it was written by the Secretary of State:

"HOME DEPARTMENT."

"Dear Miss Faithfull—Lord Shaftesbury informs me that you propose visiting the United States of America for the purpose of making inquiries, among other matters, respecting the condition of women and children employed in manufactures.

"I am rejoiced to hear it.

"There are few women in England better qualified than yourself to make such an inquiry, or to impart

the results in such a manner as to secure the attention of your countrymen.

"I admire the public spirit which animates you in thus undertaking a costly and troublesome journey.

"Any assistance I can give you through the foreign office, for the purpose of facilitating your inquiries, is at your service.

"Believe me,

"Very faithfully, yours,

"H. A. BRUCE."

My first interview with Miss Faithfull took place, as I have already stated, on the evening of the reception at Steinway Hall, a "Tribute from the women of New York to a distinguished woman from 'over the sea.'"

It was the recognition of the value of her services in behalf of her sex; of the indomitable energy which had impelled her through these years to elevate the labor of women in all departments; to organize it into a guild full of dignity and honor, loftier than those we read about whose members used to parade the streets in long processions, with waving banners and strains of stirring music and gorgeous insignia, and filling some golden summer or autumn day that lies away off in other centuries with all the pomp and parade of war.

The great hall was crowded to overflowing that night. I think, as Miss Faithfull arose and gazed over the vast audience who had come together on that winter night to honor her zeal, her courage, her indomitable faith in multiplying the employments of women, she must have felt she had achieved a large success, however far she may have fallen below her own ideal.

Of this meeting, unique in many respects, some writer says:

"Not less interesting than the guest were the hosts. The working-women of New York represent many phases of social existence and many avocations. The radiant first lady of the opera, women who bear distinguished names in art and literature and the drama, singers and speakers and teachers claimed the right to be considered as honest, as purposeful and as tireless workers as women who sew or stand behind counters or keep books, or tend machines.

"At last, we have seen in this pleasure-loving city a congregation of many hundred women, to whom brains seemed more interesting than the bonnets which covered them, and the conduct of life a more serious business than its clothea."

After her cordial reception, the speech and the music, Miss Faithfull rose on the platform and spoke to her audience. She told her hearers what had brought her to America, and something about the condition of their sisters in England. How much that was pathetic and tragic was involved in the facts which the clear, rich voice of the Englishwoman held up to the men and women who heard her that night. Her country, she acknowledged, was no longer that Paradise of Women, which it had once been called. Machinery had, in great measure, superseded the

old employments of domestic life. It spun and ground and wove and baked, in the place of hands, while in higher circles the tendency to rash speculation had plunged many families into irretrievable poverty; and the speaker was in the daily receipt of letters from Englishwomen, of what are called "good families," asking for something to do—work of any kind, so long as it is fitting and honest. That cry to a man or woman with a heart to feel is well nigh the most agonizing in the world. And what are these women, thrown upon their own resources, calling for "any honest work," to do? There they sit, with their fair, white, helpless hands, nurtured in comfort and luxury, with the slavery of dependence or the bitterness of starvation staring them in the face!

That great problem of bread and butter, which has to be solved for every human being by itself or another, confronts these women, and if they cannot meet it by sweat of brow or toil of brain, what is to become of them?

This is the dreadful question which salutes one on the threshold. Miss Faithfull is trying to answer it; but when she told her audience that the census of 1871 showed that in England alone there were *two and a half millions of women* depending on their own exertions for their daily bread. She fairly appalled her hearers. Looked at from any side, it is a harrowing fact. Many of these women have been brought up in the pleasant, guarded seclusion of English homes. Their faculties have been trained for no work; they have no handicraft which can command any price in the market. The fathers, husbands, brothers, on whom, according to English theories of social and domestic life, they should depend for support and protection, are dead or wrecked in fortune; at all events, they are powerless at this crisis.

Two millions and a half of Englishwomen wanting their daily bread! Think of it!

Miss Faithfull has "thought" to some purpose. She believes that every possible avenue for self-support should be open to women—to use her own incisive way of putting it—that "equal remuneration to both sexes for the same kinds of labor, meant simply that woman has as good right to her bread as man."

Who really doubts that? Yet, in how many kinds of employment it is never acted on, and this fact alone has a powerful tendency to degrade the labor of women. When it is raised to the same honor and dignity as man's work, then this whole question will be disposed of.

"So long as work for money is regarded as discreditable to woman; so long as it affects her position socially," says Miss Faithfull, in substance, "so long she is cruelly enslaved by custom and public opinion."

And the writer whom we have quoted before adds pointedly: "A man who lives on relatives or friends to whom he is a burden, forfeits the name of gentleman. Work is his patent of gentility. Why should a woman in that plight be hindered from honorable toil? This moral ligature that withdraws our girls

of so-called position from manual labor is crueler and more mischievous than any French corset or Chinese slipper that ever maimed or tortured."

It is, of course, quite impossible to do justice, in these limits, to Miss Faithfull's arguments in support of her theories. In that large audience were many women, of course, whom fortune had placed far above the necessities of labor; but if they did not that night, under the spell of the speaker's eloquence, revolt in heart against the cruel barriers that hedge around their less fortunate sisters, and shut them out from any field of labor into which they could enter and earn an honorable livelihood, they are less than women.

We have almost swung out of the third quarter of this nineteenth century, and we think we have swung far out of the Medieval darkness and bigotries. We are proud, and we well may be, of our advance, on many lines, of thoughts and living; but this old, barbarous notion that a woman somehow loses her position by supporting herself belongs to the twilight in which those old centuries lie. It has no right to show its head among us now. It is every true woman's duty to help throttle it.

Miss Faithfull read, at the close of her speech, a poem which narrated a story of touching heroism, performed by a poor woman during a frightful storm on the English coast. The story, and the tones of the reader, held the vast audience breathless and brought tears to many eyes, the lady sitting down at last amid storms of applause, frequently renewed; and then there was a singing of old ballads, that seemed to fill the whole air with an English morning's fresh sweetness—and no great reception was over.

Miss Faithfull is a woman of tall, commanding figure, with dark hair and eyes, and a bright, spirited face. I see her now, moving with slow, majestic tread up and down the room, as she gave me the main facts of this sketch, while the winter winds clamored outside.

She had, I saw, been greatly impressed with the rigors of a winter, unusually severe, even in our climate, and the asthma seized her on entering America, as the catarrh seized Dickens almost from the moment he landed on our shores. She has a keen sense of humor, and it plays about all her talk, and breaks out in stories which fairly convulse her hearers like some old English comedy. I never shall forget how she amused us by her account of the woman whom Miss Faithfull met on her Western tour, and who insisted that she had Queen Victoria's autograph, and was in the habit of visiting her, describing the English sovereign "as a pleasant, chatty person!"

Indeed, it is quite evident that Miss Faithfull believes heartily in looking on the bright side, in making the best of things as they are, and while she faces with indomitable courage and energy these great questions, in which are involved the happiness and dignity of womanhood, she still looks hopefully off where God's light gilds the mountain-tops, knowing that in time it will surely strike and irradiate the valleys.

JOSHUA DAVIDSON.*

THE author of this book, said to be a woman, writes with a caustic pen, uncovering the nakedness of fashionable Christianity, and showing its utter lack of sympathy with the life and teachings of our Lord when upon the earth. The imaginary hero of her volume, a poor carpenter in an obscure English village, starts in life, as a lad with the earthly example of Christ among the poor and suffering, as the ideal of his own. His experiences are not very satisfactory. His first realization of the difficult task before him is thus related :

There was nothing very remarkable about Joshua's childhood. He was always a quiet, thoughtful boy, and from his earliest years noticeably pious. His parents came of the Friends' stock; not of the strict kind themselves, for they joined in the Church services; but the fact is just an indication of the kind of influences which helped to mould him in early youth. He had a habit of asking why, and of reasoning out a principle, from quite a little lad; which displeased people; so that he did not get all the credit from the schoolmaster and the clergyman to which his diligence and good conduct entitled him. They thought him troublesome, and some said he was self-conceited; which he never was; but the more he was in earnest the more he offended them.

He was never well looked on by the vicar since a famous scene that took place in the church one Sunday after afternoon catechism. He was then about fourteen years of age, and I have heard say he was a beautiful boy, with a face almost like a young woman's for purity and spirituality. He was so beautiful that some ladies and gentlemen staying at the vicarage noticed him during church time, and said he looked like a boy-saint. But he knew nothing about himself. I question if he knew whether his hair was black like mine, or, as it was, a bright brown like ripe nuts in the sunshine. After catechism was over he stood out before the rest, just in his rough country clothes as he was, and said very respectfully to the vicar, Mr. Grand : "If you please, sir, I would like to ask you a few questions."

"Certainly, my lad, what have you to say?" said Mr. Grand, rather shortly. He did not seem over well pleased at the boy's addressing him; but he could not well refuse to hear him because of the ladies and gentlemen with him, and especially Mr. Freeman, a very good old man who thought well of everybody, and let everybody do pretty much as they liked.

"If we say, sir, that Jesus Christ was God," said Joshua, "surely all that He said and did must be the real right? There cannot be a better way than His?"

"Surely not, my lad," Mr. Grand made answer;

"what else have you been taught all your life? what else have you been saying in your catechism just now?"

"And His apostles and disciples, they showed the way, too?" said Joshua.

"And they showed the way, too, as you say; and if you come up to half they taught, you'll do well, Joshua."

The vicar laughed a little laugh as he said this; but it was a laugh, Joshua's mother said, that seemed to mean the same thing as a "scat"—our Cornish word for a blow—only the boy didn't seem to see it.

"Yes; but, sir, it is not of myself I am thinking, it is of the world," said Joshua. "If we are Christians, why don't we live as Christians?"

"Ah, indeed! why don't we?" said Mr. Grand. "Because of the wickedness of the human heart; because of the world, the flesh and the devil!"

"Then, sir, if you feel this, why don't you and all the clergy live like the apostles, and give what you have to the poor?" cried Joshua, clasping his hands and making a step forward, the tears in his eyes. "Why, when you read that verse, 'Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?' do you live in a fine house, and have grand dinners, and let Peggy Bray nearly starve in that old mud hut of hers, and widow Tregellis there, with her six children, and no fire or clothing for them? I can't make it out, sir! Christ was God; and we are Christians; yet we won't do as He ordered, though you tell us it is a sin that can never be forgiven if we dispute what the Bible says."

"And so it is," said Mr. Grand, sternly. "Who has been putting these bad thoughts into your head?"

"No one, sir. I have been thinking for myself. Michael, out by Lion's Den, is called an infidel; he calls himself one; and you preached last Sunday that no infidel can be saved; but Michael helped Peggy and her base child when the Orphan Fund people took away her pension, because, as you yourself told her, she was a bad woman, and it was encouraging wickedness; and he worked early and late for widow Tregellis and her children, and shared with them all he had, going short for them many a time. And I can't help thinking, sir, that Christ, who forgave all manner of sinners, would have helped Peggy with her base child, and that Michael, being an infidel and such a good man, is something like that second son in the parable who said he would not do his Lord's will when he was ordered, but who went all the same—"

"And that your vicar is like the first?" interrupted Mr. Grand, angrily.

"Well, yes, sir, if you please," said Joshua, quite modestly, but very fervently.

There was a great stir among the ladies and gentle-

* The True History of Joshua Davidson, Communist. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

men when Joshua said this; and some laughed a little, under their breath, because it was in church, and others lifted up their eyebrows, and said, "What an extraordinary boy!" and whispered together; but Mr. Grand was very angry, and said, in a severe tone: "These things are beyond the knowledge of an ignorant lad like you, Joshua; and I advise you, before you turn questioner and reformer, to learn a little humility and respect for your betters. I consider you have done a very impudent thing to-day, and I shall mark you for it!"

"I did not mean to be impudent, sir," said Joshua, eagerly; "I want only to know the right of things from you, and to do as God has commanded, and Christ has shown us the way. And as you are our clergyman, and this is the house of God, I thought it the best plan to ask. I want only to know the truth; and I cannot make it out."

"Hold your tongue, sir!" said Mr. Grand. "God has commanded you to obey your pastors and masters and all that are in authority over you; so let us have no more of this folly. Believe as you are taught, and do as you are told, and don't set yourself up as an independent thinker in matters you understand no more than the ass you drive. Go back to your place, sir, and another time think twice before you speak to your superiors."

"I meant no harm. I meant only the truth and to hear the things of God," repeated Joshua, sadly, as he took his seat among his companions; who tittered.

When they all went out of church Mr. Grand was heard to say to Mr. Freeman: "You will see, Freeman, that boy will go to the bad; he will turn out a pestilent fellow, a freethinker and a democrat. Oh, I know the breed, with their cant about truth and the right! He richly deserved a flogging to-day if ever boy did; to dare to take me to task in my own church!"

But Mr. Freeman said gently: "I don't think he meant it for insolence. I think the lad was in earnest, though, of course, he should not have spoken as he did."

"Earnest or not, he must be taught better manners for the future," said Mr. Grand.

And so it was that Joshua was not well looked on by the clergyman, who was his enemy, as one may say, ever after.

All this made a great talk at the time, and there are many who remember the whole thing at this present day; as any one would find if they were to ask down at Trevalga; but all that Joshua was ever heard to say of it was: "I thought only of what was right in the sight of God; I never thought of man at all."

He did not, however, repeat the experiment of asking inconvenient questions of his social superiors in public; but it was noticed that after this he became more and more thoughtful, and more and more under the influence of a higher principle than lads of his age are usually troubled with. And though always tender to his parents and respectful to the

schoolmaster and minister, and the like of that, yet he was less guided by what might be called expediency in his conduct, and more than ever a stickler for the uncompromising truth, and the life as lived by Jesus Christ. He was not uncomfortable to live with, his mother said; quite the contrary; no one ever saw him out of temper, and no one ever knew him to do a bad thing; but he somehow forced his parents to be always up to the mark, and even the neighbors were ashamed to talk loosely or say what they shouldn't before a lad whose whole thought, whose sole endeavor was, "how to realize Christ."

"Mother," he once said, as he and Mrs. Davidson stood by the cottage-door together, "I mean when I grow up to live as our Lord and Saviour lived when He was on the earth. For though He is God in Heaven He was only man here; and what He did we too can do with His help and the Holy Spirit's."

"He is our example, lad," said his mother, reverently. "But I doubt lest you fall by over boldness."

"Then, if imitation is over bold, His life was a delusion, and He is not our example at all," said Joshua. "Which is a saying of the devil."

But, with his ideal firmly fixed, Joshua could not rest. The lad gathered about him other lads, and endeavored to lead them to imitate the life of Christ in personal purity, in humble-mindedness and in helpful deeds to the poorest and vilest; but in so doing he was misunderstood by such representatives of Christianity as Vicar Grand, and denounced as a pestilent fellow.

On attaining manhood, he went to London, and there consorting with the poor, the vile and criminal, endeavored to lift them up and lead them back to innocence and virtue—so trying to imitate his great Exemplar. But though he led a life of purity and gave himself for the good of others, he was misunderstood, misjudged and persecuted by the very class of people who represent the Christian moralist of to-day. And no wonder; for associating with the vile—but only to do them good—he was judged partially and by the company he kept.

He now became blown about by many winds of doctrine. Christianity, as he found it, seemed every where false to the example and teachings of Christ, who was meek and lowly in heart, and cared for the poorest and vilest—seeking to save that which was lost. He was like an unpiloted vessel. He was beset with doubts, in which the only thing that kept its shape or place was the character of Christ; and nothing turned him aside from his work of doing good among the people. But, setting conservatism at naught; paying no regard to appearances; associating in his purity with the vilest that he might, if possible, save them; he was rejected by Christian people; imprisoned by the authorities because found in the company of evil men; and finally set upon by a mob of his countrymen, to whom he was trying to preach the doctrine of Communism—by which he meant the brotherhood of man based on the teachings of Christ—and murdered.

One of the chapters, showing how aristocracy sometimes comes down to the work of helping and saving the poor and debased, is so well told, that we copy it entire. Lord X., notorious for his philanthropy, of an unsteady and spasmodic kind, met Joshua in his wanderings among the poor, and as "no one could come in contact with him without feeling that inexplicable charm which is inseparable from great earnestness and self-devotion," Lord X. was at first strongly attracted by the man; and for a time they worked together. Joshua was much elated, thinking now that he had wealth and influence on his side, and he could do wonders for his poor friends. What came of it all is told in the following chapter, which we copy entire:

LADY X.

This was Joshua's first introduction into a wealthy house of the upper classes; and from the retinue of servants in their gorgeous liveries thronging the hall, to the little lapdog on its velvet cushion, the luxury and lavishness he saw everywhere almost stupefied him. To a man earning, say some twenty-five shillings a week, and living on less than half—sharing with those poorer than himself, and content to go short that others might be satisfied—the revelation of Lord X.'s house was a sharp and positive pain. The starvation he, the noblemen, had seen in his wanderings—starvation in all probability relieved for to-day; but to-morrow and the day after and for all future time, till the pauper's grave closed over all?—and then had come to an abundance, a fastidiousness, of which the very refuse would have been salvation to hundreds; the miserable dwellings he visited, mere styes of filth, immodesty and vice, where the seeds of physical disease and moral corruption are sown broadcast and from earliest infancy—and then returned to a dwelling like a fairy palace, where every nook and corner was perfect, redolent of all kinds of sweetness and loveliness—to a man of the people like Joshua, fairly oppressive in its richness and grandeur; the gaunt and famine-wasted men and women and children that he had so often met, the little ones brutally treated, half starved, sworn at and knocked about, swarming through reeking courts and alleys where the very air of heaven was poisonous—and the lady's lapdog, with its dainty food, its tender care, well washed, combed, curled, scented, adorned, on a velvet footstool, a toy bought for it to play with: and that man and that woman—this lord and lady—were professing Christians, went regularly to church, believed that Christ was very God, and that every word of the Bible was inspired! It was habit; but at first sight it looked incomprehensible to one who lived among the poor, and was of them.

Lady X. soon came into the room where Joshua and Lord X. were. She was a tall, fair, languid woman, kindly natured but selfish, dissatisfied with her life as it was yet unable to devise anything better for herself; having no interest anywhere, without children, and evidently not as much in love with her husband as model wives usually are: a woman whose

intelligence and physique clashed, the one being restless and the other indolent. Every now and then she took up her husband's "cases," partly out of complaisance to him, partly from profound weariness with her life, and also from the natural kind-heartedness which made her like to do good-natured things and to give pleasure to others. But she soon abandoned them and set them adrift. She was a woman with great curiosity but no tenacity; full of a soft sensual kind of passion that led her into danger as much from idleness as from vice; she loved out of idleness, and worked out of idleness. It was a gain to her to be interested in anything—whether it was the fashion of the day or the salvation of a human soul; but there was no spirit of self-sacrifice in her, and she would have considered it an impertinence if she had been asked to do a hair's-breadth more than she desired of her own free will. Had she been born poor, she might have been a grand woman; as she was, she was just a fine lady whose nobler nature was stifled under the weight of idleness and luxury.

But she liked Joshua, and took to him kindly.

She gave him at that first interview a really handsome sum of money for his poorer friends; she promised clothes and soup-tickets, books for his school, toys for his children, good food for his sick. The simple yet so grand earnestness of the man interested her, and she too felt as every one else did, that here was a master-spirit which had a claim to all men's reverence and admiration. She was not satisfied with this first visit, but Joshua must go to see her again; and after he had been there twice, she of herself offered to come and see him in his lodgings, over the little sweet-stuff shop which Mary Prinsep kept. And Joshua did not forbid her.

Was there ever such an incongruity? The street—East Street—in which we lived, was too narrow for her carriage to come down, so she had to walk the distance to Joshua's rooms. And I shall never forget the sight. Her dainty feet were clothed in satin on which glittered buckles that looked like diamonds; her dress was of apple-blossom-colored silk that trailed behind her; her bonnet seemed to be just a feather and a veil; she wore some light lace thing about her that looked like a cloud more than a fabric; and her arms and neck were covered with chains and lockets and bracelets. She was like a fairy queen among the gnomes and blackamoors of an underground mine, like a sweet-scented rose-bush in the midst of a refuse heap as she came picking her way with courage, but with exaggerated delicacy, her footman in his blue and silver at her back, and the mob of the street staring, too much astonished at such an apparition to jeer.

When she came into the little shop and asked for Joshua, I was standing in the doorway (it was on a Sunday) between the shop and Mary's back room; and for the first time I saw Mary in an ugly light. She turned quite white as the lady came in, and instead of answering, looked round to me with an agony in her face that was indescribable.

"Yes, madam," I said coming forward; "he is up-stairs."

"Do you want him, ma'am?" then asked Mary, the look of pain still in her large, fixed eyes; and I thought that the lady, looking at her—for Mary was young and very pretty, as I have said—looked uneasy, too. At all events, she looked haughty.

"Yes," she said; but she turned and spoke to me, not to Mary. "Have the goodness to tell him that Lady X. wants to speak to him."

I ran up-stairs and told him; and Joshua, without changing his countenance one whit, as if lords and ladies in gorgeous array were our natural visitors and what we were used to every day, came down and greeted the lady as he would have greeted the baker's wife—neither more nor less respectfully; which means, that he was respectful to every one.

Lady X. made a step forward when he came into the shop, and the blood flew over her face as she gave him her hand.

"Now, you must let me see where you live, and how you do such wonders," she said, with the most undefinable but unmistakable accent of coaxing in the voice.

And Joshua, saying quietly, "Are you not too fine to come up our stairs, Lady X.?—we do our best to keep them clean, Mary, don't we? but they are not used to such-like feet on them," gave her his hand, smiling.

"They will be used to mine, I hope, often," said my lady, kindly. "You know I have taken a great interest in your work, Mr. Davidson, and I am going to help where I can."

"If you will come this way, then, my lady, I will show you all I have on hand at the present moment," said Joshua, moving toward the stairs.

And again the lady blushed; and her long silk skirts trailed behind her with a curious rustling noise; and we heard her light boot-heels go tap, tap, up the stairs, and her chains and trinkets jingle.

Then Mary turned to me, and said, with a wild kind of look: "John! John! she is here for no good! She will harm more than she helps. What call has she to come here? who wants her? She will only do us all a mischief!"

She turned her face to the window and burst into tears.

"Mary! what ails you?" I said, vaguely; for I was shocked, and did not rightly understand her. I seemed to feel something I could not give a name to—a pain and a queer kind of doubt; but indeed it was all chaotic, and all I knew was that I was sorry. "You know," I went on, trying to comfort her, "that money and worldly influence at Joshua's back would give him all he wants. His hands are so weak now for want of both these things. Why should we be sorry, dear, that he has the chance of them?"

"She has come for no good" was all that Mary would say; and I could only wonder at an outburst unlike anything I had ever seen before.

My lady stayed a long time up-stairs, and poor Mary's agony during her visit never relaxed. At

last she came down, flushed and radiant. Her eyes were softer and darker, her face looked younger and more tender; she even glanced kindly at me as she passed me, saying to Joshua, in a voice as sweet as a silver bell: "And this is the John you have been telling me about?—he looks a good fellow!—and is this Mary?" but she was not quite so tender to Mary; and she added, in rather a displeased tone of voice: "Girl! you look very young to keep house by yourself, and have young men lodgers!"

"Ah, my lady, you forget that our girls have not the care taken of them that yours have," said Joshua, gently. "So soon as a girl of ours can get her living, she does."

"Well, I hope that Mary will be a good girl, and do you credit," said my lady, coldly.

She shook hands then with Joshua, but, with her hand still in his, turned to him and, with the sweetest smile I have ever seen on woman's face, said in the same strange caressing way: "I must ask you to be kind enough to take me to my carriage, Mr. Davidson. I think my footman must have gone to keep the coachman company; and I should scarcely like to go down the street alone."

"Certainly not," said Joshua, and led her, still holding her hand, out from the shop and into the little street to where her carriage was waiting for her.

"Mind the shop for me, John," said Mary; and with a great sob she ran away and shut herself up in her own room.

She would have been ashamed, I know, to let Joshua see that she was crying, and all for nothing, too; only because a fine lady, smelling of sweet scents and wearing a rich silk gown, had passed through the shop.

As for him, he came back without a ruffle on his quiet, mild face. There was no flush of gratified vanity on it; nothing but just that inward, absorbed look, that look of peace and love which beautified him at all times. As he passed through, he looked round for Mary; but I told him she was bad with her head; and as this had the effect of sending him into her room to look after her, poor Mary's attempt at concealment came to nothing. But I don't think Joshua found out why she was crying.

Many a day after this my lady's carriage came to the entrance of our wretched street, and my lady herself, like a radiant vision, picked her way among garbage and ruffianism down to the little sweet-stuff shop, where ha'pennyworths of "bulls'-eyes" were sold to young children by a girl who had once been a street-walker, and where the up-stairs rooms were tenanted by two journeymen carpenters. It was an anomaly that could not last; but the very sharpness of the contrast gave it interest in her eyes; and while the novelty continued it was like a scene out of a play in which she was the heroine. So, at least, I judged her; and the more I think of the whole affair, the more sure I feel that I am right.

And then Joshua's handsome face and dignity of look and manner might count for something.

She (the lady) was truly good and helpful to Joshua all the time this fad of hers lasted; for that it was only a fad, without stability or roots, the sequel proved. She brought him clothes and money, and seemed ready to do all she could for him. He had only to tell her that he wanted such and such help, and she gave it, aye, like a princess!

What took place between them neither I nor any one can say. Joshua never opened his lips on the subject; and after that day, by tacit consent all round, the name of Lord and Lady X. was a dead letter among us. All I know is, that one day, when she had come down to our place, as so often now, my lady, flushed, haughty, trembling, too, but changed somehow, with a sad, disordered face instead of the half-sleepy sweetness usual to it, came down-stairs—not this time holding Joshua's hand; he following her, pale and troubled-looking; that she passed through the little shop quickly and impatiently, with never a glance toward Mary or me; that at the door she turned round, and said, sharply: "You need not give yourself the trouble, Mr. Davidson, to come with me—I can find my way alone;" and that Joshua answered with more tenderness and humility of tone and manner than I had ever seen or heard in him before: "My lady, I must disobey you; I cannot let you go through the street alone." And that he followed her out, bareheaded, but at a little distance from her—not beside her.

This was the last time we saw her; nor did Lord X. keep up any association with my friend. And I heard afterward, quite accidentally, that he had said soon after this, he really "could not countenance that man Davidson: he was too offensively radical in his opinions, and a presuming fellow besides."

But word came to us both that my lady had found out all about Mary, and that she had expressed herself insulted and revolted at Joshua's allowing her to enter a house kept by such a creature.

"It was all very well to be compassionate and helpful," she had said; "but no amount of charity justified that man Davidson in his proceedings with such a woman. Or, if he chose to associate with her himself, he ought to have warned her (her ladyship), that she should not have made the mistake of speaking to her as to a proper person."

So this first and last attempt at aristocratic co-operation fell to the ground; and society peremptorily refused to endorse a man who had set himself to live the life after Christ.

If Joshua was sorry for the loss he had so mysteriously sustained, poor Mary was not. All during the lady's visits she had drooped and pined, till I thought she was in a bad way, and going to be worse. Ah! this was a bitter time to me, for I loved her like my own; and I loved Joshua and his work and his life better than my own life; and I was perplexed, and in a manner torn to pieces, among so many feelings. But she revived after the day when the lady passed through the shop with her sad, proud, disordered face, and when Joshua came back from seeing her to her carriage, like a man who has had a blow

and is still dazed by it. She waited on him after this, more assiduously than ever. She seemed to live only to please him. The place was the very perfection of cleanliness. Even my lady's palace could not have been more wholesome or more pure. The squalor of the shell, so to speak, and the poverty of the inside, was concealed or made to be forgotten by the exquisite neatness and cleanliness with which it was all kept; and when Joshua's countenance came back again, as it did after awhile, to its usual sweet serenity, Mary's also came to its peace, and the cloud that had hung over it like a distemper passed away.

"It will not do, John!" he said to me one day, some time after; "for the aristocracy to come down to the poor is a mistake. They are different creatures altogether, with different laws of honor and morality among themselves from what we know anything about. And the gulf is too wide to be bridged over by just one here, and another there, coming like the old Israelitish spies among us, to see the nakedness of the land. They do a little good for the time, but it is good that bears no blessing with it, and is not lasting. We must work up by ourselves into a state nearer to them in material good; but not," he added, as if by an after-thought, "in looseness of principle. That, however, has come only from idleness; and if great people had imperative duties and the absolute need of exertion, we should hear of fewer divorce scandals, fewer turf catastrophes, and the like, than we do now. However, that is not our affair. We are here to work on our own account, not to judge of others."

"It is an old saying, Joshua, but a true one, 'extremes meet,'" said I. "The very poor have no taste for refined pleasure, and indeed no power of indulging it if they had; and the very rich, sated with all that is given to them by their position, devise new excitements of an ignoble kind. I suppose that is something like it?"

"I suppose so," he answered. "At all events, there can be no such thing as levelling down. It would be no righteousness to bring the rich, the refined, the well educated down to the level of the poor; but to raise up the masses, and to impose on the upper classes positive duties, this is the only way in which the difference between high and low can be lessened. And if this can be done free of national revolt and bloodshed, it will be a godlike work, and the blessed solution of the greatest difficulty the world has seen yet. It cannot be a good thing that some men have to work till all the strength of intellect is worked out of them, while others are lapsed in such idleness that all theirs is either bemused and stagnated, or turned to evil issues for want of being wholesomely used. Come how it may, it has to come—this more equal distribution of the better things of life. I do not mean that the duchess will have to share her velvet cushions with the seamstress; but it has to be that, either by education or improved machinery, or both, there will not be the enormous difference there is now between the duchess and the

seamstress. We have made a great parade lately of our sympathy with the North, on the ground of emancipation; but society here in London holds slaves as arbitrarily and as cruelly as ever the Southern planters did; and its vested interests, however demoralizing, are as sacred to us as were the vested interests of the planter to him. I will never again try a fraternal union with a rich house. When the workingmen have their political and social rights, and have utilized their leisure to refine and elevate, to beautify and adorn their lives, then, when we are radically equal, we can meet as men and brothers. As we are now, we are experiments to some, mere temporary amusements to others, inferiors to all; and we pin our faith to a straw—hang our golden hopes on gossamer—when we look for vital co-operation from them."

"I thought Joshua would find her out in time," was Mary's comment. "I took stock of her from the first, and saw she was no good."

HABITUAL MOVEMENT IN THE LOWER ANIMALS.

THE following curious facts are from Darwin's last work, "Expression of the Emotions in Man and the Lower Animals."

Dogs, when they wish to go to sleep on a carpet or other hard surface, generally turn round and round and scratch the ground with the forepaws in a senseless manner, as if they intended to trample down the grass and scoop out a hollow, as, no doubt, their wild parents did when they lived on open grassy plains or in the woods. Jackals, fennecs and other allied animals in the Zoological Gardens, treat their straw in this manner; but it is a rather odd circumstance that the keepers, after observing for some months, have never seen the wolves thus behave. A semi-idiotic dog—and an animal in this condition would be particularly liable to follow a senseless habit—was observed by a friend to turn completely round on a carpet thirteen times before going to sleep.

Many carnivorous animals, as they crawl toward their prey and prepare to rush or spring on it, lower their heads and crouch, partly, as it would appear, to hide themselves, and partly to get ready for their rush; and this habit, in an exaggerated form, has become hereditary in our pointers and setters. Now I have noticed scores of times that, when two strange dogs meet on an open road, the one which first sees the other, though at the distance of one or two hundred yards, after the first glance always lowers its head, generally crouches a little, or even lies down; that is, he takes the proper attitude for concealing himself and for making a rush or spring, although the road is quite open and the distance great. Again, dogs of all kinds, when intently watching and slowly approaching their prey, frequently keep one of their forelegs doubled up for a long time, ready for the next cautious step; and this is eminently characteristic of the pointer. But from habit they behave in

exactly the same manner whenever their attention is aroused. I have seen a dog at the foot of a high wall, listening attentively to a sound on the opposite side, with one leg doubled up; and in this there could have been no intention of making a cautious approach.

Dogs scratch themselves by a rapid movement of one of their hind feet; and, when their backs are rubbed with a stick, so strong is the habit, that they cannot help rapidly scratching the air or the ground in a useless and ludicrous manner.

Horses scratch themselves by nibbling those parts of their bodies which they can reach with their teeth; but more commonly one horse shows another where he wants to be scratched, and they then nibble each other. A friend, whose attention I had called to the subject, observed that, when he rubbed his horse's neck, the animal protruded his head, uncovered his teeth and moved his jaws, exactly as if nibbling another horse's neck, for he could never have nibbled his own neck. If a horse is much tickled, as when currycombed, his wish to bite something becomes so intolerably strong, that he will clatter his teeth together, and, though not vicious, bite his groom. At the same time, from habit, he closely depresses his ears, so as to protect them from being bitten, as if he were fighting with another horse.

A horse, when eager to start on a journey, makes the nearest approach which he can to the habitual movement of progression by pawing the ground. Now, when horses in their stalls are about to be fed and are eager for their corn, they paw the pavement or the straw. Two of my horses thus behave when they see or hear the corn given to their neighbors. But here we have what may almost be called a true expression, as pawing the ground is universally recognized as a sign of eagerness.

The sheldrake (*Tadorna*) feeds on the sands left uncovered by the tide, and, when a worm-cast is discovered, "it begins patting the ground with its feet, dancing, as it were, over the hole;" and this makes the worm come to the surface. Now, Mr. St. John says that, when his tame sheldrake "came to ask for food they patted the ground in an impatient and rapid manner." This, therefore, may almost be considered as their expression of hunger. Mr. Bartlett informs me that the flamingo and kagu (*Rhinoceros jubatus*), when anxious to be fed, beat the ground with their feet in the same odd manner. So, again, king-fishers, when they catch a fish, always beat it until it is killed; and in the Zoological Gardens they always beat the raw meat, with which they are sometimes fed, before devouring it.

WASHINGTON IRVING once said of a pompous American diplomatist, "Ah, he is a great man; and, in his own estimation, a very great man, a man of great weight. When he goes to the West the East tips up."

PRIDE is increased by ignorance; those assume the most who know the least.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSISSIWAY POTTS.

No. IV.

IT was a tiresome walk home, and I was sorry I had not ridden Humbug. She was running idle in the hill pasture. Pipsey Ellen's quinsy had not reached its worst when I arrived, and I was glad of it, and, told her mother what to do to bring relief. Her hair was put back carefully out of the way and tar spread all over her throat and up under her ears, and then a cloth covered over all. She had not slept for two nights, but in less than an hour she was sleeping sweetly.

When she awoke the next morning all soreness and swelling were gone, and nothing remained of the coat of tar but a yellow stain, and that was easily washed off with castile soap-suds.

I regard this as the best known cure for quinsy, and the one that brings the surest and quickest relief.

When Ida was taking up the roast beef, after I came home, she spilt a little grease on the pantry floor. She had just read in the Ohio Farmer how to take grease out of floors, and this was a good time to try the experiment. Immediately after spilling it she spread on soft soap, and run a hot flat-iron over it a few times, and then washed it off clean. It took out the grease entirely, and nothing was left but a brown stain, such as tobacco spittle would make.

This remedy should be applied immediately. Of course a careful housewife keeps one iron on the stove all the time.

It is not likely that the job of soap-making will be done when you women readers sit down to cut the pages of this number. I have spoken of this before, but I know some things about it that I did not last year. Last spring I made almost a hogshead full of nice soap—did it all myself, like a little lady.

The new things I learned were these. We had a good deal of old strong smoked meat, rinds, bits of old hams and such like. When I looked at the heap of stuff I was quite discouraged; some of the material was as hard as lot of old boots; but I managed nicely. I put all into a barrel, the horniest pieces at the bottom, filled it with water, and let it stand a week or two. The whole mass was softened, and when put into strong hot lye it soon disappeared. The sediment went to the bottom of the kettle and the grease to the top.

Rube framed a leach for us, securely put together, one that will last for years.

I asked a good woman, who seems to know everything, how she managed her soap-making, and this is what she says:

"I am so fortunate as to have a large cauldron set in brick, with a leach on one side and an ash-crib of brick on the other. When my husband fills the

leach he puts a little lime at the bottom. After I have run off what lye I need for my soap, I put on more water and make lye enough to quite fill an old fish-barrel. Into this I put bones, scraps, rinds and whatever may accumulate through the summer. Flies and rats do not trouble it then."

"When ready to make soap in the spring, I run off a little new strong lye and put it into the cauldron with all the stuff that has collected during the winter that is not clear grease. Boil all together until the rinds, bits of meat, etc., are dissolved, then pour in water enough to completely cover the refuse which will settle; then add a double handful of salt, stir well, and leave until the next day, when the cleansed grease will be at the top, and the bones, glue, dirt, etc., at the bottom. Then I take off the grease, put it in the soap-barrel, add my other clean grease and lye, stir it a little every day, and I soon have soap, nice and thick. The grease at the top will not be like that which is rendered; sometimes it will be a little soapy. What is left we use to wash our apple-trees, and the bones, easily broken, go to the manure heap."

We doctor too much. Every day that I live the fact is more and more impressed upon my mind. We compress the lungs by tight lacing, we cramp our hands with tight gloves, we crumple our feet out of their natural shape by squeezing them into tight shoes. I want it understood when I say we that I only say it through courtesy, and don't mean myself at all, at all. I never laced in my life, I so thoroughly despise it. I measure twenty-six inches round the waist; I rarely wear gloves, and always wear shoes a size or one and a half sizes too large.

"What will people say?" is a bugbear that never stood in my path. While I respect every person, I don't care a crook o' my thumb what they think of me.

I was in at Coulter's store the other day selecting a pair of No. 7 gaiters, and wondering if I could wear them with two pairs of woollen stockings, when Miss Flidgett stepped up beside me, and in a voice shrill as a cricket's piped out, "Let me look at your No. 2's;" and she cocked her eye up at me—unconsciously, of course. Bah!

Impure blood is the foundation of all sickness; whatever arrests the flow of blood through the body engenders disease. Cold or compressed hands and feet show a want of free circulation of the blood. If our shoes are too tight our feet are numb or cold, the blood that should flow in them is stagnant.

We break nature's laws every day, and while wilfully and deliberately breaking them we groan and sigh and follow the prescriptions of the physician.

We doctor too much. We wear shoulder-braces and trusses, and we swallow drastic purgatives, when we only need to exercise the small degree of common sense that we surely have. Nature needs to be left alone with her marvellous and intricate and well-ordered machinery.

Instead of wearing braces, learn to walk with your shoulders thrown back, your chin slightly above a horizontal line, or your eyes directed to things a little higher than your own head.

Dr. Hall says one will walk properly, pleasurable and without any feeling of restraint or awkwardness in this position. To aid in securing this habitual carriage of body, accustom yourself to carry your hands behind you, one hand grasping the opposite wrist.

This position of body is common among the English, who are admired the world over for their fine bearing, full chests and broad shoulders.

Instead of cathartics eat only one or two meals a day, exercise enough, be cheerful and content to let matters rest without your very wise interference.

And so of any other ailment; don't think about yourself all the time, eat nutritious food, laugh, tell funny stories, bring yourself in contact with your neighbors, try and do good to somebody; look on the bright side of life, and believe and know that if you hadn't this trouble you'd have some other, and perhaps a worse one. Think over your neighbors' trials, and see if you can select one that you'd rather have than your own.

Don't grieve over your beloved dead. God knew best; not a sorrow comes from His hand that is not a blessing in the end.

I often think of an incident I once read. A child lay dying. The frenzied mother, in an agony of grief, besought her Heavenly Father to spare her boy-baby. She prayed without ceasing, she importuned agonizingly; and it seemed the Father, in whose hands are all our destinies, yielded. Slowly the babe came back to life from the verge of eternity, and that mother lived to see her son a drunkard, a criminal, convicted for murder and hung. How much better that he had died in his infancy!

I think none of us—and here I mean myself—accept of life with all its vicissitudes as cheerfully and unselfishly as we ought to do. We find too much fault; we would have things just as we choose; we put too high an estimate upon ourselves, and our capabilities, and our own petty acquirements. This is the reason we see only ourselves in our august proportions.

Heh! how common it is to hear people at the breakfast-table regale their friends with a particular narrative relating to themselves.

With an injured or an important air they will say: "I lay awake full two hours in the night;" or, "I had a horrible dream last night;" or, "I had a dreadful pain in my chist;" or, "My big toe was very painful awhile;" or, "I feel as if something were going to happen."

Really, it is too bad to permit ourselves to be tied

down by so short a tether, to see no further than our own selves.

I would suggest a plan to those making new rag carpet that will be found excellent. I was over at Goose Creek church to a prayer meeting the other evening, and the woman with whom Elder Nutt boards, Sister Hartman, told me of it. Tell the weaver just exactly how long your strips will need to be, how many yards from one end of your room to the other, and let him keep correct measure, and when the strip is long enough, leave off the filling in of rags, and weave eight or ten times across with coarse tow yarn, or thread like the chain. That will serve for a binding; all you need to do will be to turn it in like a hem. I think binding carpet is tiresome work; still, if you prefer to sew on a binding don't use woollen goods; the moths will find a lodgment there. Drilling the color of the carpet is preferable. After sewing on and turning in a carpet binding it is well to sew across it once, good honest back-stitch.

In sewing strips of carpet together, the stripes or figures will always match easily if the edges are sewed together that came at the same side of the loom. Frequently one side of a web will be smooth and even while the other side is loose and uneven. The fault lies in putting it on the yarn beam carelessly.

In times of house-cleaning be careful in taking up carpets. Some women in removing a dusty carpet stand up straight, and as far away as they can get, and jerk it up regardless of the tacks that tear through and are left sticking in the floor. With care, a carpet may last many years.

Now that the season of house-cleaning is upon us, don't make fools of yourselves, and doctor bills for your ignored husbands to pay. Don't turn the contents of your house all out of doors and go staving about like a monomaniac.

This periodical warfare against dirt; this splashing the suds like a wounded whale; this season of colds, and neuralgia, and chills, and toothache, and ugly glum yellow faces and frowzy heads, and all the discomforts of the worse than homeless, is one of the silliest whims that ever attacked weak womanhood. I have no patience with it. But it is no use for me to say anything. I would merely suggest that you do not be in a hurry to commence your tooth-and-nail attack; when you do, try and go about it coolly, take one room at a time, work in the forenoon, when you are the strongest, and have a girl to help you. Don't move the kitchen stove until June, and then in its place put up a parlor stove in case of sobbing all-day rains and bleak cloudy evenings.

Don't do any work in which you have to reach up high, or above your heads. If you know anything at all of physiology, of the intricate and delicate mechanism that constitutes woman, you will know this to be highly injurious.

About door-yards. In the debilitating spring

says women often waste all the nervous energy they save in spading and throwing up earth into flower-beds. For a weak woman this is very hard work. Now, really, there is nothing prettier than smooth, grassy door-yards, the broader the better.

If you want flowers in the yard, let them, by all means, be flowering shrubs, trimmed into pretty shape. Don't allow the evergreen shrubbery in your yards to be close together—let each tree have plenty of room, that there may be no imperfect side to it.

But grass, we think, should be the chief adornment of every door-yard.

By moving a fence every spring, we can enlarge our front yard so as to take in a sloping meadow of several acres.

We always assist the deacon most cheerfully in carrying away this unsightly fence.

A house standing in a meadow, beautified by trees of native growth, is one of the few beautiful things that we never weary of admiring.

If possible, have pig-pens, cow-yards and calf-sheds away from the house, they are the bane of country life; but if you cannot have it so without harsh words and tears, and hearing taunts about women being "more nice than wise," then bear it as cheerfully as you can, and make the best of it.

Don't say bitter things that you would gladly recall when you look upon a confined form and a pallid face, and hands folded forevermore. It is better to bear all these little trials with gentleness and patience.

Once, in the heyday of my girlhood, I was passing an humble cottage in the edge of a wood in Coshocton county, and I grew very enthusiastic over the bean and cypress and morning-glory vines that festooned the windows, and draped the posts of the rustic porch, and curtained and made "living green" the bare, gray walls. I never saw such luxuriance and beauty as those riotous vines afforded. We rode very slowly, that I might prolong my enjoyment.

I could see by the surroundings that the wife and her husband were not both admirers of the beautiful in nature.

While I was gazing, the husband came out of a tumble-down wagon-shed, with a load of old, rusty harness on his shoulder.

I said, "Do you live here?"

"Yaas'm," was the reply.

"Does your wife keep house, and 'tend to everything herself?"

"Yaas'm."

"Well, I wish you'd tell her that I say she's a real lady, and I love her."

"W'y?" said he, winking fast.

"Oh, 'cause she makes everything so beautiful about her little home-nest."

"Hoh! you're as big a fool as she is," said he, stiffly, through his ugly, flat nose.

That was just what I expected.

We took tea at Sister Bodkin's the other evening. The conversation turned upon buying supplies by the

quantity—by the barrel, box and web. I had been telling the deacon for years that it would be better to buy our coffee, tea, sugar, muslin and calico by the quantity; that we would save money, time, and the vexation of being out just when an article was wanted. There would be less danger then of getting poor articles.

Another suggestion that was made by one of the sisters was, that of paying as you go, instead of buying upon credit. We all concluded that this plan would pay pecuniarily, and would pay in increased independence and self-respect, in freedom from care and annoyance, and consequent good-humor with one's self and the rest of mankind.

Sister Bodkin had a new kind of preserve, that we all liked very much.

While she was washing dishes, I wiped them, so I could have the chance of asking her how she made them. She said, take fair sweet apples, with firm flesh, pare them nicely, cut them across the core in slices the fourth of an inch thick, remove the seeds, but not the core, as it improves the appearance of the preserve. Boil very gently in a little water till tender, and then lift them carefully on plates. Take half the number of lemons that you had of apples, cut them across the core in slices the same thickness of the apples, remove the seeds, and spread the slices on earthen platters. Take pulverized loaf-sugar—the weight equalling that of the fruit weighed before boiling—sprinkle half of it over the lemon slices, let it stand a few hours till liquid enough has formed to cook them in, then drain it off and put it over the fire in a porcelain-lined kettle with the rest of the sugar. When it boils, drop in both lemon and apple slices, and boil gently till the fruit is clear. For those who dislike the flavor of lemon-peel, the apples can be made as above, substituting lemon juice for lemon slices; or, the apples can be left whole, if the cores are carefully cut out.

I forgot to say that while we were eating father got a fish-bone in his throat. He is always trying to talk while he is eating, or laughing immoderately, or something else; and it is no uncommon thing for him to choke until he is as black in the face as a wheel-head.

He had been telling an old story about the miraculous conversion of his great-grandfather—the company were paying good attention, and all at once father leaned forward and made a noise that sounded like the *howl* of a wild goose. I knew what was the matter. I sprang up as quickly as my rheumatism would allow, without even waiting to take the roast spare-rib out of my mouth, and commenced pounding him in the back. I whaled away with all my might, but it did no good. I jerked him, and rubbed his throttle and twisted his head, first one way then the other, but he couldn't catch his breath. Oh, he was blacker'n Elder Nutt's best coat!

As soon as Sister Bodkin said, "Doctor, he's chokin'," the doctor ran like mad to the pantry and got a fresh egg and broke it, and made father swallow it.

The white of the egg seemed to catch round the

fish-bone, and it removed it instantly. He soon felt well enough to resume his story.

Sister Bodkin says she has known cases of severe choking relieved by this means; one case where a man had a peach seed in his throat. I hope mothers will not forget this. If once trying don't remove the obstacle, try again. Nothing but the white of the egg is needed, however.

At this season of the year, Float is a nutritious and healthful dessert, just while everybody has plenty of fresh eggs and cream and good milk. There are many ways of making it, all of which are good. If your children like it, let them have it—I mean your big boys, too; and if you don't know the best ways of making it, ask some of your neighbors' girls who do. Brother Rube's Mattie makes it often, and he says: "I tell you, Pipesey, it is most wretched good!"

I call that violent praise.

I wish husbands praised their wives more than they do. If they only knew how precious every little thank was, they wouldn't be so chary of them, Oh, I have seen wives who would cheerfully toil until they were exhausted, and feel richly rewarded if their husbands would only say: "You are very kind;" or, "How very thoughtful you are;" or, "I thank you, dear."

I've seen gruff, lordly husbands that I just longed to shake as I would a mealy sack—men who would eat to repletion, and gorge and guzzle, and then go snarling off from the table and dump down as glum as the boa constrictor did after swallowing his blanket. How easy to have remarked, "How good your bread is!" or, "What delicious tea!" or, "My! what a wife for such an unworthy fellow?"

Weak words of praise they would have been to put new life into the tired little mortal, and would have cost nothing at all.

I guess there is nothing that makes a woman handsomer or happier than to be loved. I don't know much about these things; I only surmise.

I do remember, though, when I was young, and Professor O. Howe Greene was my escort to singing schools, and I thought he loved me—why I walked as though I was set on easers! I hardly felt the mundane sphere beneath my feet. It was a bright face that looked out of the mirror upon me as I stood chattering in the cold, intent on making little curlicues on my forehead and temples. The kind he liked.

I will have to tell it right here! How much I am amused! I find myself smiling unconsciously all this morning. A man trying to tell how a bride was dressed!

The brother who came home from California on a visit was married last night; he had been engaged to his faithful little Maggie for twelve years; he will return next week, and she will go to him in a year or so. They will settle in Santa Barbara, on the coast, a little gem of a city where summer breezes blow all the year; then if my catarrh and asthma still abide with me I am going to live with them.

The ceremony was performed at the parsonage, very quietly, none of us being present but Rube. Just before bed-time, Rube came rushing in, bowing and saying: "Ladies, Philander Gibbs is no more!"

Ida sat him a chair and took his hat, and composed herself on the lounge, saying: "Young man, divulge. Tell us what the bride wore."

"She wore a dress," said he.

"What color was it?" said Lily.

"Well, let me see," and he looked all round the room; "it was the color of—color of—" and he stared at the ceiling and walls, and peered closely at the figures in the carpet, looked at the picture frames, and stove, and furniture. "I see nothing the color of her dress at all."

"Was it black, or white, or gray, or brown? Strange you didn't notice. A man is so obtuse," said Ida, uneasily.

"Oh, now I know!" and he pounded his knee. "It was a little the color of Griffith's pigeons."

"Was her dress long or short?"

"Well, let me see," and he drew his brows and smoothed down the legs of his pantaloons; "kind o' long and kind o' short, I believe. Yes, I mind now, it was a little short before and strung out and piled up on the floor behind her."

"Did she wear a bow of ribbon or a breastpin, or what?" asked Lily.

"Yes she did," and he nodded.

"Was it a bow of ribbon? What color?"

"Yes, a bow of ribbon, the color of—color of—" and he looked sharply at the stove pipe, and the brown legs of the piano, at the window curtains, the lamp mat, the top shelf of the what-not, the black velvet lining of the writing desk, and then down at the legs of his gray pantaloons, saying: "'Twasn't hardly the color of my breeches—oh, a little the color of that pink place in the rug."

At this both girls laughed aloud, and declared it was no use to ask any man how a bride was dressed.

"What did you say to her after the ceremony, Rube?" said Ida.

"Oh, I walked up as bravely as a sheep and kissed her, and said some very fine things."

"That was all right, the kissing, only it should have been done in behalf of the family at home," said Lily. "But what did you say to her?"

"Oh, I said this is pretty cold weather we're having, and I s'posed we'd have an early spring; and how's the folks at home, and—"

"Oh, Rube, tell the truth," began both girls; but he darted out of the room to go home, saying as he went down the steps:

"So, Philander Gibbs is no more!"

While I think of it, don't forget to set out one or more trees in April. Don't fail to plant a willow in a damp spot, and remember and not put trees too closely together; give them room to grow on all sides. If possible, have one poplar or quaking asp somewhere in sight of the living room. The constant tremor of the leaves is suggestive of cool breezes.

When I die my monument will be the-trees I have planted.

Have you any faded calico dresses, girls, that you are tired of; that don't look well only when first put on fresh from the ironing-table? Don't make big aprons of them, or mops, or wash-rags. I'll tell you what to do.

You can bleach them as white as snow, put new hems round the bottoms, neat new bands on them that will just meet and button, and you have good new skirts.

To bleach them: wash well in hot suds, and boil half an hour; lay them out on the young grass, wetting and turning frequently. If the sun shines out hot, and they lie too long, they will mildew. If the color does not all come out, boil them again, adding the water in which has been dissolved about a handful of chloride of lime.

I have seen some very pretty white dresses, that had once been lawn, dotted with pink, or brown, or purple.

We always bleach lawn dresses, and make skirts of them to wear with thin white dresses.

One of the most charming girl-friends I had in years a-gone, a ripe, sweet, intellectual woman, told me it was the last and the hardest thing for her to learn to keep her house looking so that she wasn't ashamed to have a visitor drop in.

Her mother died while she was young, before her habits as a housekeeper were formed.

One day, when dinner was almost ready, she chanced to look out, and there came her beau riding up the lane toward the house.

Everything was dirty—their scant dinner was quite ready, but she was so scared that herself and her little sister flew at things to try and bring order out of disorder.

A bed stood unmade at the other end of the kitchen. Jenny snatched the boiling tea-kettle and thrust it back under the bed, among old bags and bundles and boxes. Lydia followed her with a spider full of frying meat, which she tucked out of sight.

While Jenny drew down the valance and smoothly spread the heavy coverlet, Lydia snatched the broom and soon filled the kitchen with mingled dust and ashes. They dampened their hands and smoothed their hair, and with flushed faces and glittering eyes, were soon ready to greet the young gentleman.

They had settled down as demure as two old spinsters, when their noisy little twelve-year-old brother Tom came rushing in, saying, "I want my boots; I have to hurry and drive the hogs out of the truck-patch." And he started for the bed, knowing that under it could be found a little of everything.

"They're not there, Tommy," said Jenny, uneasily.

"Oh, I'll bet they're under the bed; most everything's there," said he, stoutly.

The sisters looked at him pleadingly, winking and blinking with mute distress in both faces.

"Never mind, girls, I'll soon find 'em," and he

raised the valance and started under, head first. "Jemima! if here isn't the tea-kettle, piping hot!" he hailed out as if his mouth was full of feathers. The girls coughed and fidgetted, and tried to think of something to talk about, but not an idea came.

Again he called out in a muffled voice, "Lordy! there must be a family living in this corner. I s'pose, if here isn't meat a-fryin' away like sixty, and the spider settin' on an old feather tick! I tell you, Mr. Hamilton, it would make you bug your eyes to get down into these comfortable quarters," and out came Tom, blowing like a porpoise; the spider of meat in one hand, and his old boots in the other.

The girls were disposed to cry, but their good sense prevailed, and they all laughed heartily. Jenny told the young man how it came about, and he said they were silly girls, to be afraid of him.

For the benefit and encouragement of little, new blundering housekeepers, I will add that these girls, Jenny and Lydia, made good, intelligent women and excellent housewives.

THE WRECK.

BY SUDIE.

THE tiny sail, all torn and wet,
From mast and pennant sever—
Upon the jagged rock she drifts,
A shattered wreck forever!
Two pairs of childish eyes look out
From under glistening lashes,
Where just beyond their eager reach,
The treasured plaything dashes.

The sweet winds blow, the waters flow
Soft as a whispered blessing;
The sunshine drops through trembling leaves,
Each childish head caressing.
Oh! little ones, whose cheeks to-night
Will press a tear-stained pillow,
Heaven guard your sails on broader seas,
Where great wrecks strew the billows.

For, oh! the skies are black with wrath,
Sails part, and hawsers sever,
When some sweet hope the dear Lord gave,
Drifts out of life forever.
The wind is fierce, the night is black,
The awful breakers thunder—
We only gaze with stony eyes,
Where something bright went under.

Oh, blessed, when the torn soul drifts
Through storm and wreck and slaughter;
If sweet faith, like a "peace be still,"
Drops o'er the stormy water.
Oh, blessed, if we feel God's love,
Some strength and comfort giving,
When salt seas break above the dream,
That made life worth the living.

Be cheerful always. There is no path but will be easier travelled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart and brain but will lift sooner, in presence of a determined cheerfulness.

RELIGIOUS READING.

CALLING AND LEADING HIS SHEEP.

YOU think if the Good Shepherd were calling you by name and leading you out, the leading would, fall surely, be into other fields and paths than those through which you have of late been passing, or in which, haply, you still are found. You look for peace, and behold trouble. You are very weary, and He appoints you more work. You have sweet companionship, but in one desolating hour He sends you out alone. You know, indeed, that all these things, according to the promise, will work together for your good if you love God. You know this, and try to believe it, but you venture to doubt whether such things as these can ever be put down as symptoms of any special attachment on His part, or indeed as consistent with anything that deserves the name of special love to you. Let me beseech you to be careful here. Walk softly, for we are now within holy ground. Any mistake here on your part will be far-reaching.

If it be that He, the Good Shepherd, deeply considering the things which really make for your peace, taking the long look for you, and providing for a future you cannot see, in the meantime giving you the cross, the thorn, the cup of anguish, in very love—thus making these His love-tokens—then be sure it will be a sad loss to you if you never come to see this; while to him who thus loves, and who is thus required, it can hardly be less than sorrow and grief of heart. I have seen a shepherd, on a bitter snowy day, gathering all his sheep carefully to the windy side of the hill. The silly creatures, left to themselves, would all take the other side; they would go straight to the most dangerous places, to the sheltered spots where the deep snow-wreaths form silently, in which they would soon find at once a refuge and a grave. On such a day the life of some of the sheep depends on facing the blast. The shepherd would not let the youngest, he would not let the weakest one of the flock, lie down in the shelter. For the very love he bears it, “he calls it by name, and leads it out,” or drives, or carries—even in such an hour as that—facing the bitter wind and blinding snow.

Indeed, my brethren, it will come to this, that if we know the love of Christ in a deep and true manner, and if we really believe that it is a personal love to ourselves, we shall not be so apt to distinguish and select certain special modes for its manifestation as alone suitable and proper. One mode will seem to us almost as good as another if it be the one that He selects, and we shall hear the loving voice in the darkness as well as in the light; in the roar of the wintry storm as in the hush of the summer silence. The lover of souls can make tryst with His beloved ones, and will keep it anywhere, and almost in any manner. He is, in fact, calling His own by name, and leading them out by means of circumstances of every variety of aspect. Some are being led as into the garden where the roses bloom and the rich fruits hang ripe; and some into the wild, where there seems to be no sustenance. Some are led gently by the soft flowing streams, and under the pleasant shadow of the trees; and some up among the misty mountains or across the stormy billows of the sea, toward unknown shores. What matters it if He be the leader—if He be the guide? You can go into tranquillity, you can go into conflict, you can go up the

breezy hills of health, or lay yourself down in the sick chamber—you can stand at the marriage altar, or lie down on the bed of death—if only He calls you by name and leads you out.—*The Little Sanctuary.*

RESERVE IN PLEASURE.

IF in business, where duty lies, where daily bread is won, there should be moderation and reserve, still more will the true pilgrim and stranger on the earth practice such self-restraint and withholding in pleasure—in pleasure, the unbridled love and quest of which is absolutely fatal to all that is highest and purest in human character. A pleasure-loving soul never can be unselfish, magnanimous, serene, brave, pure. Such qualities come from sources far higher than personal enjoyment. They come from the love of truth, from the practice of duty, from the habit of self-sacrifice, from seriousness, reflection, prayer. The love of pleasure cannot give these things, but the love and pursuit of pleasure can take them away; will certainly much diminish their strength, and put them all in peril. It is therefore one of the Christian's daily lessons to teach himself effectually how to “use this world as not abusing it”; i.e., how to extract from present things all fair and honest enjoyment, without allowing selfishness and mere appetite so to touch and transmute them in the process that the enjoyment shall have in it some admixture of baser elements, and be no longer the thing which the Divine beneficence provides for man's hunger and thirst.

Here have we the true answer to any such superficial formula as, “Surely pleasure is lawful.” Lawful? Understood in the better sense, it is far more than lawful. It is inevitable. God has filled the world with it. Those who live well and wisely cannot miss it. It lies in the heart of all beauty. It hovers around every mountain, and murmurs in every stream. 'Tis like the sunshine of a summer day; you cannot look without seeing it, and all things by its means. But this lower, this simply sensual thing which men call pleasure, which is sought so eagerly by multitudes, and which is so abundantly provided, to satiate depraved and inordinate appetite, to stimulate jaded sensibilities, to kill time—how can it but kill the soul also, or at any rate the soul's best and purest life?

So, too, there need be no conflict as to the necessity, we might say for most people the *absolute* necessity, of some relaxation after, or amid, hard work. The bow that is never unstrung will the sooner lose the power to effectuate and fulfil the perfect aim of the marksman. The ideal human life is a beautiful compound of many things, each in good relations with all the rest, each set in its own just limits, and so bound by the same as to have no legitimate right to overflow and possess the neighboring and interpenetrating spheres. Faith is not so to possess a man that he cannot use his present senses. Seriousness is not to blot out the gleams of sunshine, and change all the sky into leaden gray. Well, but is not the principle of a just limitation and reserve equally applicable on the other side of things, where certainly the greater danger lies? The question comes to be one of degree and measure. It will practically take this form: How often? How much? How far? Ought there not to be some reserve even in lawful, even in necessary things? Ought

not the possession of the higher taste, and the inward consciousness of immortal destination, to settle many a little question and controversy almost as soon as they arise? The "stranger in the earth" is being simply true to himself, and without any conscious effort, rises superior to many a vexed and agitated question as to the lawfulness of this, or the propriety of that. The controversy is settled before it begins. There is a foregone

conclusion. He cannot be wrong in obeying the Heavenly impulse. He cannot be charged with any neglect of duty in preferring the silent, separated way; in making seriousness, rather than mirth, the mistress of the evening, and thus allowing much that might come to him without any positive guilt to go by, in order that he may preserve unbroken fellowship with serene joys.—*The Little Sanctuary.*

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BABIES.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

"WHAT do you know about babies?" I fancy I hear some inexperienced and very much tired parent exclaim. I do not wonder at all at the question. Every mother has the right to make this inquiry of any one who attempts to advise or enlighten her upon this juvenile subject.

"I have been trying," said a dear little woman the other day, holding a fretful infant with one hand and with the other turning the leaves of a huge volume, "to see what this authority"—mentioning an M.D. of considerable note—"has to say on the subject of babies; but I am disappointed, as usual, and have about made up my mind that everybody who has ever written on this topic has been either a bachelor or an idiot."

I examined the roughly-criticised book, and found—as may be imagined—not at all what she had led me to expect. It was a work for thoroughly drilled physiologists, well written, profound, and as scientific as a professed scientist could make it; but to this tired, perplexed young mother it was the veriest stuff. What more could have been expected? This wife and parent had, only two years before, graduated from a first-class ladies' institute, with a diploma setting forth in the strongest terms the astonishing progress she had made in her studies. She could speak French with an accent truly Parisian, charm the lovers of music with the wonderful brilliance and expression of her pianoforte performances. She could dance well and sing well; in short, could the programme her parents and teachers marked out for her have been the route she was to take through her earthly pilgrimage, she would probably have kept, as at school, at the head of her class; but love, that arch-disarranger of the best laid plans, that great general disturber of the peace, that great remaker and rectifier, stepped in, and the result was harmony and inharmony; the last, in this case, brought about entirely by an improper education. My friend had been shown the necessity of painstaking and polish, to make sure of some rich and cultured life-partner, and very singularly—for such things seldom happen—and, very fortunately, she had found with this wealth and culture, love of the rarest and most enduring quality. All this had been done with a view to her obtaining a husband, but not the least preparation had been made for the life that should follow; the motto being, as in the majority of instances, "Catch him, and let the future take care of itself."

Now, this mother wanted to know why her baby cried a large part of the night, and moaned and fretted the greater portion of the day. She wanted to know why the little creature was not able to properly digest its food; and she desired this information in plain, simple terms,

and in the work she had examined she had found neither information nor comfort. Now, I have had some experience with babies, and I could well sympathise with this exhausted woman, whose life was entirely given up to nursing this tiny bundle of flesh and blood. Trot, trot, trot, went the poor little baby on the poor tired little knee. "Hum, hum, sh, sh, there, there, hum, hum," up and down, back and forth, occasionally interpolating this jargon with a word or two to me. I had been invited to spend the day with my friend, and must confess I did not look forward with much pleasure to the visit.

"Why don't you let the nurse take him?" I ventured to inquire, after witnessing this distressing performance as long as my nerves would stand it.

"Nurse!" she repeated, in a disgusted, impatient sort of way. "She wouldn't stir a limb or move a muscle if the baby screamed itself to death."

I thought, perhaps, that the nurse knew more than the mother, but scarcely dared make the suggestion just then.

"Does he cry like this all the time?" was my next query, hoping to lead the conversation into a channel where I could, without appearing to be inquisitive, get at something like a history of the case.

"Nearly all the time," she replied. "I hasn't known a decent night's rest since he was born, three months ago."

"Will you let me take him a moment?" I asked. "Perhaps, being fresh to the business, I may be able to do something for him; at least, I can rest your arms a little, if no more."

So Mr. Baby was transferred to me, and I immediately commenced a critical examination.

"You must have had a great deal of experience with babies," remarked my companion. "Do see if you can tell what all this one."

There was nothing amiss with the child. It was as healthy a specimen of an American infant as I ever looked at—well proportioned, strong and active as a young colt, with flesh unusually firm, and a pair of lungs that utterly defy my vocabulary. I couldn't say to that mother in plain terms: "There is nothing the matter with your baby; all this fuss and worry is directly traceable to mismanagement." The temptation to blurt out this truth was great; but I have found, after many mistakes, that if one desires to accomplish any real good in this world, we must go to work in all cases very gently. This infant was beautifully dressed in nanook and valencennes, richly embroidered flannels, and all that sort of thing; and was as faultlessly tidy and sweet as loving hands could make it. Notwithstanding all these advantages of dress and social position, this ungrateful baby would cry. I lifted the little one's elaborately-trimmed skirts, and what should meet my eyes but a "pinning blanket" (an article of infant's wardrobe I had

supposed entirely obsolete) so fastened and doubly fastened that the poor child could not get a leg out to save its life.

"What are you doing?" my companion inquired, in wonder.

"Unpinning this thing," I answered. "Just look here! you have pinned this blanket so short that your baby hasn't room to stretch its limbs."

For a moment or more baby stopped crying, and kicked right and left with an evident relish for this description of leg liberty, and then commenced again.

"It isn't that," said my companion, with a sigh.

A cambrio skirt covered the above-mentioned relic of barbarism, and both these affairs were made with waists, or bands, and fastened with three pins. It seems incomprehensible to me now as it did the day I made the discovery, that an ordinarily intelligent woman even should not know that an infant's apparel should always be loosely put on; and here was the child of an usually well-informed and intellectual woman, actually gasping for breath on account of compression caused by tight bands. As I removed the pins the child gradually ceased screaming, and as I removed the last one such a grunt of relief as came from this baby's lips I never heard before or since. I rubbed his little back and sides, all creased with the wretched compressors, and the darling actually cooed with delight.

"There," said his mother; "that's just the way he acts when I give him his bath. I was telling his father this morning that I didn't believe he would ever cry if I could always keep him in the tub, or undressed. Some way he seems to hate to be dressed, and he always screams to the top of his voice just as soon as I begin to put on his clothes."

Now it took me some time to make that mother understand that she did not give her child as much credit for instinct even as her husband gave his Newfoundland pup about the same age; that the baby knew that this liberty of the bath was all he was likely to get, and resisted naturally the idea of such terrible physical bondage. I kept on with the soothing manipulations, and was very soon rewarded by seeing the blue eyes close, and after an exceedingly short space of time my charge was asleep.

"If you don't move just so, you'll waken him," said the mother, in a whisper.

"Hum, hum, sh, sh, there, there," she commenced, coming close to my side.

I took no notice of her "hums" and "shs", and "there's", but laid him gently on the bed, and not a sound was heard from that quarter for three long hours.

"Now," said my friend, making sure that the baby was not likely to waken, "I must have my bowl of tea. Shall I order a cup for you?"

"Tea!" I repeated after her, wonderingly; "what for?"

"Oh!" she answered, "I couldn't nurse my baby without it. Tea braces me up and keeps me going. I shouldn't be good for anything without my bowl of tea three or four times a day."

"If you want to undermine your own health beyond all power of restoration," I couldn't help saying: "If you want to see your child grow up a brainless, fidgety nobody, keep on swilling tea and you will surely accomplish your purpose."

"Why, for mercy's sake!" was all the astonished woman could gasp, and then continued, timidly: "If I didn't drink something I shouldn't have food enough for my

baby, and tea seems to give me strength. The nurse who was with me the first six weeks after baby was born used to make me drink it."

On this point again I found my friend entirely uninform'd, with no more conception of the effect of tea upon the nervous system than her baby. I have had occasion a great many times to find fault with the work of certain monthly nurses; but I never felt so much like anathematizing the whole army of professionals as at this particular time. I found upon inquiry that this one had not only dosed her patient with tea, but had really laid the foundation for all the misery she was experiencing.

The proper person, possessing a proper knowledge of her business, arrived at by thorough education, could have so instructed this teachable and intelligent woman in the details of babydom that a mistake would have been next to impossible. This nurse had also insisted upon constantly holding the child, scarcely letting it out of her arms, asleep or awake; cuddling it close at night, and passing it over to the mother every time it cried, taking it for granted that hunger was always the cause of its unrest. She it was—this ignorant woman, who never had had a child of her own—who taught this young mother how to dress her baby, or rather the best method of stopping the circulation of blood; in other words, the speediest manner of putting an end to the little one's life. The only weapon that child had was its voice, and this he made use of indefatigably. So the lungs were used, and made to resist the deadly strain upon them. This infant was an uncommonly strong one. In nine cases out of ten the child would have long before this got through trying to resist, and given it up for a hopeless job; but this baby was born well, inheriting a strong constitution from both sides of the house; so it was quite a difficult matter to kill it.

Well, the upshot of the business was, that after that baby awoke from its long and refreshing sleep, I carefully dressed it, substituting a flannel skirt for the obnoxious pinning blanket, making sure to give it plenty of room to stretch and turn round in. I drew a pair of worsted socks on the chubby pink feet, and the little fellow cooed and laughed during the whole performance. About six o'clock a suspicious-looking vial made its appearance.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Baby's drops," was the answer.

"Pitch them out of the window," said I.

"But," she sighed, "there won't be a particle of peace for any of us without them."

Then issued another bottle, and it took some time to convince her that this Spartan baby did not need paregoric, and anise and morphine, and whatever other stuff goes to make up these disgusting compounds; but I won, and am happy to say that not a drop of anything of the kind has since been presented to the little one's lips.

Now, women who are nursing babies should never drink tea. If I had time I could tell you in plain terms the reasons for this assertion. I do not believe in tea for any one outside the countries where it is raised, and I have no doubt that there it is a national blessing. Americans need no such astringents, no such nerve quickeners. That tea-drinking is one great cause of nervousness among our women I believe every thinking man and woman will agree; and I often wish that our first row with our mother country had been one something worth fighting about, instead of an old tea-chest.

Oatmeal, Indianmeal, gruel and cocoas, or chocolate are

the beverages to be partaken of by women who nurse their babies. These insure quality as well as quantity, and made of good rich milk can be freely partaken of. There is no need of an ordinarily healthy woman growing thin because she is nursing. Then, again, infants should be held as little as possible, and trotted and rocked never. Use your baby at once to the bed, or crib, and insist, whatever your nurse may say to the contrary, upon its sleeping alone. Then feed your baby regularly, and disabuse your mind of the impression that it is hungry every time it makes a noise. No woman should nurse her infant oftener than twice in the night, and at six months this should be stopped entirely, in order to guard the mother against the exhaustion which follows inevitably

upon the keeping up of this unnatural night drag. Once in two or three hours during the day is also quite often enough. Bear in mind also that your baby wants, and must have, cold water to drink daily. Begin first, and immediately, with a teaspoonful, allowing the child to be its own judge as to the quantity.

Give your babies room enough, and enough to eat of the right kind, good air to breathe and plenty of sunshine, and my word on it you will have no trouble; and mothers can only do this by taking proper care of themselves. The present system of bringing up children is an abomination; but what more can be expected with so little preparation for life and its duties on the part of our women?—*Herald of Health.*

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

MOUSIE AND HER BABIES.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

ONE day last summer my father was working out in the fields, moving stumps and stones, so there would be nothing in the way of the plough, and in turning over a bit of a dry stump that lay on the surface of the ground, he uncovered the warm, dry nest of an old mother mouse.

She had six pinky baby mice, nestling around her soft furry body, and just taking their little wee dinner of warm milk. What were they to do? The whole roof was torn off their house when the stump was lifted and turned over, and there they were, with the summer sun beaming right down upon them. Their little bodies were exposed to all kinds of weather, and they were so helpless and young that not one of them knew how to walk two steps without rolling right over upon his back, with his four dainty little tooties up in the air.

My father said he stepped forward to put the stump back again, and to leave them as cosey and as happy as he had found them. But the mother mouse, not knowing whether he was a friend or a foe, said in a little, fine, squeaking voice, that could hardly be heard by gross big ears, "Oh, my beautiful little darlings! I will never leave you nor forsake you; take hold of your mother and she will save you."

Then the six little baby mice understood every word she spoke, and they knew what she meant, and they opened their mouths and took hold just as if they were going to suck, and then the wise little mother started off

running in the direction of a pile of rails that lay near the fence.

Papa stood and watched her, and he said it touched his heart in the tenderest place to see in the lowest of God's creation the devotion and the strength of a mother's love.



While she was running as fast as she could with her beloved burden dangling about her feet and legs, and hindering her speed, one of the little ones loosened its hold and fell off.

For an instant the mother paused and looked at it, just as though she was saying, "Why how unfortunate! I don't see how one poor mother can manage so many dear little pink babies; but you, poor Plushy, must not be left behind! you are the weakest and dearest and sweetest baby of all;" and saying this she took it up carefully in her mouth, and with her head up a good deal higher, she trotted on her way, and safely reached the pile of rails. We do hope the brave little mother found a

good home and a sure retreat, because she deserved it.

Well, mice are troublesome things, but it would be a very hard-hearted man or boy who could kill one under such circumstances as these were.

In connection with such stories, those fine old lines from the "Ancient Mariner" come sweeping up to me with such force and tenderness that I look through the mist of tears upon the page before me:

"He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things, both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

DASH AND THE DOCTOR.

A STORY is told of a fine dog named Dash that is quite wonderful. He had met, poor fellow! with a bad accident. In running across the road, under a wagon, he was not spry enough, and was caught by one of the wheels. A broken leg was the consequence.

Dash's master, who was fond of his dog and pitied him very much, took him to a surgeon, who set the limb and bandaged it so carefully that he could go about on his three legs without disturbing the fractured bone, until it was well and strong as before.

Some months afterward the surgeon was surprised by a visit from Dash, who came to his office door and commenced barking, scratching and howling for admission. As soon as it was opened by a servant, he ran in, and by his strange ways made the doctor understand that he was wanted outside. On going to the door, what should he find on the step but a forlorn-looking dog with a broken leg, who looked up into his face and whined piteously.



"Poor fellow!" said the surgeon, kindly, for he understood it all in a moment, and was touched by the incident.

Dash wagged his tail rapidly, danced about, whined and by all the ways he knew asked the doctor to help his unhappy friend as he had helped him.

"Poor fellow!" repeated the surgeon; "come along in, and I'll see what can be done for you;" and he led the way into his office, Dash and his limping companion following.

As carefully as if he were attending to a human limb did the good surgeon set the bone and bandage the leg; and when it was over the two dogs left his house together, wagging their tails, Dash showing his delight by capering and barking like a half-crazy fellow.

Young and old cannot but read this incident with a feeling of pleasure, there is in it something so human and full of intelligence beyond which is usually found in dumb animals.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

[*Half's Journal of Health* is always sensible and suggestive. We make some selections for this Department from a recent number:]

SWEET BREATH.

FOUL breath may be occasioned by a decaying tooth, by dyspepsia, or it may arise from a scrofulous constitution; in each case a radical cure can be promised only on the removal of the cause. Yet there are times when it may be specially desirable to be free from any odor of an offensive kind; in such cases, have on hand, as a part of the toilet, a two-ounce vial of the concentrated solution of the "chloride of soda." To two tablespoonsfuls of water add ten drops of the soda, and rinse the mouth out freely before leaving the house. Take a mouthful and keep it in for two or three minutes, and repeat.

If there are ill-smelling feet or odor from under the arm, take some of the same preparation in the hollow of the hand, and rub it well into the skin of the parts; if none at hand, use spirits of camphor or camphor-water. But persons who have ill-smelling feet should wash them well every night with soap and warm water.

TAKING COLD.

IN going from a warm room in the cold of out-doors, especially if there is a raw, damp wind, wrap up, button up, and draw on the gloves before opening the

door, then keep the mouth resolutely closed so as to cause the air to pass through the nose, and the long circuit through the head, thus warming it before it reaches the lungs. Public speakers are especially enjoined to take this precaution; many a valuable life has been lost from inattention to this point.

Never stand at the crack of a door in winter for "last words;" in cold weather it is better far to send a servant to the door with your guest.

Never allow the family to come into the breakfast-room of a winter morning until it is heated to sixty-five degrees, especially if the children have to wash and dress in a room without fire. No one ought ever to eat in a chill. If, in sitting down to a meal, you are cold or very tired, take some hot soup or hot drink of some kind, and then wait a few minutes, or eat very slowly at the beginning of the meal.

In coming home, and not expecting to go out again for the day, draw off the shoes and stockings, hold the naked feet to a blazing fire, rubbing them well with the hands until most thoroughly warm and dry, then draw on a pair of dry socks or stocking, and put the feet into soft, warm slippers; there will be a comfort in this which will richly repay the trouble of the procedure.

If you purpose remaining in a room half an hour as a call, do not lay aside the overcoat or shoes, even if the atmosphere of the apartment seems oppressive; it is al-

ways cooler than it seems to be, and it is better to go out of doors a little too warm than on the verge of a chill.

If you have to walk and ride on a cold day, do the riding first, and then warm yourself up by a walk; for, if you get warm in walking, and sit still in a cold vehicle, with the chance of some one opening a window, you will inevitably cool off too rapidly, endangering a chill, a bad cold or an attack of pneumonia or inflammation of the lungs.

Never open a window on entering a vehicle; it is an impertinence of which no gentleman or lady could possibly be guilty; if the apartment is too warm, or too confined for you, those who have been sitting still are quite cool enough already, and there is no reason why you should discompose half a dozen or more persons for your own accommodation. Under the circumstances, it is the essence of selfishness to ask permission to open a window, for cultivated persons would risk a personal injury rather than seem boorish by a refusal.

If it is cold enough to freeze outside, it is safer to keep

the outer windows of the chamber closed, and to keep an inner door and fireplace open.

BARE LIMBS

Of children gratify the vanity of mothers, but they send multitudes of beautiful children to a premature grave. It would be safer to have the arms, hands, feet and legs warmly encased in double thickness of woollen flannel, with nothing whatever on the body but a common night-gown, in the fall of the year. It is especially important to keep the extremities of children and infants warm for every second of their existence. Whether a child is sick or well, when the hands and feet begin to get cold, it is nearing the grave, because the blood retreats to the inner organs, oppresses them, causing painful and dangerous congestions and inflammations, which often induce death in a few hours, as in croup, diphtheria, quinsy, and the like. A young mother should never go to bed until she has noticed that the feet of her little sleeping ones are abundantly warm; to be assured of that is to know that croup before the morning is impossible.

HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT.

TO TAKE GREASE OUT OF A FLOOR OR TABLE.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I wish to say to Pippisway Potts that if she is so unfortunate as to get any more grease on her floor or table, to apply directly potter's clay, just wet with water so as to form stiff paste. Spread it pretty thick upon the grease spot, and lay a thin paper over to keep it from being rubbed off. After twenty-four hours scrape it off and spread on fresh clay. It will gradually absorb the grease and leave the floor or table clean; but it may need to be renewed several times. When the clay looks clean, wash off with soap and water. If there is a pottery within reach it is well to pick up broken bits of the clay and keep them on hand for this purpose. The clay is also good to take grease from clothing applied in the same way."

DR. BELLows's IDEAL LOAF.—Dr. Bellows, in his work, "Philosophy of Eating," gives what he considers the true method: "My 'ideal loaf' is made from wheat perfectly fair, and free from smut or other disease, not having been wet or molded before or after grinding, carefully kept clean after being properly ground, so as to need no sifting; and not being bolted it retains every part that belongs to it, needing no addition except cold water."

TO MAKE GEMS.—See that your oven is hot enough to bake potatoes, and that your small oblong iron or tin pans are hot and greased with olive oil. Now mix wheat meal or Graham flour with cold water, or milk and water, if preferred, to the consistency of corn-bread batter with the greatest possible rapidity, and put instantly into the pans and bake twenty-five or thirty minutes. Success depends upon the speed of the whole process. Gems may be eaten while warm, but not while hot enough to melt butter.

APPLE-BREAD RECIPE.—Weigh one pound of fresh, juicy apples, peel, core and stew them to a pulp, being careful to use a porcelain kettle or a stone jar, placed inside an ordinary saucepan of boiling water; otherwise the fruit will become discolored; mix the pulp with two pounds of the best flour; put in the same quantity of

yeast you would use for common bread, and as much water as will make it a fine, smooth dough; put into an iron pan and place it in a warm place to rise, and let it remain for twelve hours, at least. Form it into rather long-shaped loaves, and bake in a quick oven.

CORN-MEAL BREAKFAST CAKE.—For two baking tins, take one and a half pints of coarsely ground corn meal. Add water nearly boiling, but not enough to wet quite all of the corn meal; add cold water, a little at a time, stirring thoroughly between whiles, until you have it so thin that it has a tendency to settle as you pour it into your pie-tins. It should not be more than half an inch deep in the tins, and it should bake quickly in a hot oven.

MUSH MUFFINS.—Make mush as you ordinarily do, and when cold, thin it with one quart of milk, and stir in a few handfuls of wheat flour, seven eggs, and butter the size of an egg. Also some salt. Bake in rings.

JOHNNY CAKE.—One quart of sour milk, one half cup of sugar, half cup of butter, three eggs, meal to make a thin batter, one teaspoonful of soda. If eggs are scarce two will do nearly as well.

A PIECE of red pepper, the size of your fingernail, put into meat or vegetables when first beginning to cook, will aid greatly in killing the unpleasant odor arising therefrom. Remember this for boiled cabbage, green beans, onions, chickens, mutton, etc.

IRON MOULD IN LINEN.—Wash the spots in a strong solution of cream of tartar and water. Repeat if necessary, and dry in the sun.

Another method: Rub the spots with a little powdered oxalic acid or salts of lemon and warm water. Let it remain a few minutes, and then rinse well in clean water.

TO JAPAN OLD TEA-TRAYS.—First clean them thoroughly with soap and water and a little rottenstone; then dry them by wiping and exposure at the fire. Now get some good copal varnish, mix it with some bronze powder, and apply with a brush to the denuded parts. After which set the tray in an oven at a heat of from 212 to 300 degrees until the varnish is dry. Two coats will make it equal to new.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

WE'VE GROWN OLD TOGETHER.

SELL Billy! No, loosen the bridle;
Unfetter the gallant old steed,
His eye has grown dim and uncertain,
Forgotten his olden-time speed;
But memory haloed him over
With thoughts that are sacredly dear;
So I pledge him no longer to labor,
And hallow that pledge with a tear.

Swift thought, glancing back past the shadows,
Speaks first of that long-vanished day
He stood all so patiently waiting
By the "meeting-house" over the way,
While I held a hand at the altar,
And vows were recorded on high,
Till the angels bent earthward to murmur:
"Yours, yours for the ever and aye."

Oh! the air was all throbbing with music,
And sunshine was gilding the way,
When he sped with my bride to the cottage—
Our home from that glad nuptial day.
His step had the antelope's fleetness,
The grace of the gentle gazelle,
As he passed the fresh mead and the mountain,
Toward the cottage we both loved so well.

But, Billy, time passed, and its changes
Brought changes to you and to me;
For sorrow sent tears to the farm-house,
Like waves overspreading the sea.
And, Billy, we two were grown older,
My head was well threaded with gray,
When you waited so solemn and silent
By the meeting-house over the way.

A hearse stood in waiting beside you;
A dirge floated out on the air;
And tears trickled silently downward,
While sobs choked the accents of prayer;
And the bell in the old church-steeple
Kept mournfully telling the tale;
And the winds, floating tenderly outward,
Bore softly the piteous wail.

Just there, where we stood at the altar,
So happy in days long ago,
The coffin was draped in the symbols
Which typify bitterest woe.
With her meek hands silently folded,
Her sightless orbs shaded from view,
With the pallor so still on her forehead,
A coldness so strange on her brow,

They placed her beside that same altar,
But this time all silent and lone,
And they called her an angel in Heaven,
Where sorrow may never be known.
Then out from the door of the chapel
They carried that silent clay,
You bore it so slow and solemn,
The sad funeral way.

No, Billy, we've grown old together,
And you have been faithful and true;
We've journeyed through gladness and sorrow,
We'll journey life's pilgrimage through.
So, buyer, please loosen the bridle,
Unfetter the gallant old steed;
And Billy, from hardship and labor,
I pledge him is ever more freed.

Our Dumb Animals.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

OVER and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work out my task with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour;
But the morning dew must fall,
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part, and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous windmill goes.
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain;
And a blessing failing us once or twice
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears must fall,
And the heart to the depths be driven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for Heaven.

A LESSON FROM THE LEAVES.

BRown leaves, that with aerial grace
Slip from your branch like birds a-wing,
Each leaving in the appointed place
Its bud of future spring;

If we, God's conscious creatures, knew
But half your faith in our decay,
We should not tremble as we do
When summon'd clay to clay.

But with an equal patience sweet
We should put off this mortal gear,
In whatso'er new form is meet
Content to reappear.

WAITING.

SITTING at the Heavenly portal
Waits she, day and night,
Seeking from the tender Father
Health, and strength, and light.

Seasons coming, seasons going,
Find her waiting there;
Year on year, successive rolling,
Hears the earnest prayer—

"Grant me, oh, thou gracious Parent,"
Pleads she day by day,
"Health and power once more to serve Thee,
On my homeward way.

"Gladly would I lay before Thee
Deeds of active love;
Thus by service toward Thy children,
Love to Thee would prove.

"Yet, if weakness still enthrall me,
Give me Heavenly light;
Through the paths of lowliest duty
Guide my steps aright.

"Let me not despise the mission,
Gentle words to speak;
Pity offering to the fallen—
Comfort to the weak.

"Slighting not the humblest power
Kindly lent me still,
Like the starlight and the dewdrop,
I would do Thy will.

"Thus may dust and ashes praise Thee
Till new vigor come,
Or this frame, its hold releasing,
Send my spirit home."

So she sitteth, watching, praying,
At the Heavenly gate,
Knowing that the good All-Father
Blesseth those who wait.

BABY'S DRAWER.

THERE'S a little drawer in my chamber,
Guarded with tender care,
Where the dainty clothes are lying
That my darling shall never wear;
And there, while the hours are waning,
Till the house is all at rest,
sit, and fancy a baby
Close to my aching breast.

My darling's pretty white garments,
I wrought them while sitting apart,
While his mystic life was throbbing
Under my throbbing heart;
And often my happy dreaming
Breaks in a little song,
Like the murmur of birds at brooding,
When the days are warm and long.

I finished the dainty wardrobe,
And the drawer was almost full
With robes of the finest muslin,
And robes of the whitest wool.

I folded them all together,
With a rose for every pair,
Smiling, and saying, "Gem fragrant,
Fit for my prince to wear."

Ah! the radiant summer morning,
So full of a mother's joy!
"Thank God! he is fair and perfect,
My beautiful new-born boy."
Let him wear the pretty white garments
I wrought while sitting apart—
Lay him, so sweet and helpless,
There, close to my throbbing heart.

Many and many an evening
I sit since my baby came,
Saying, "What do the angels call him?"
For he died without a name;
Sit while the hours are waning,
And the house is all at rest,
And fancy a baby nestling
Close to my aching breast.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

BESIDE the toilsome way
Lonely and dark, by fruits and flowers unblest,
Which my worn feet tread sadly day by day,
Longing in vain for rest

An angel softly walks,
With pale, sweet face, and eyes cast meekly down,
The while from withered leaves and flowerless stalks
She weaves my fitting crown.
A sweet and patient grace,
A look of firm endurance true and tried,
Of suffering meekly borne, rests on her face
So pure—so glorified.

And when my fainting heart
Desponds and murmurs at its adverse fate,
Then quietly the angel's bright lips part,
Murmuring softly, "Wait!"

"Patience"—she sweetly saith—
"The Father's mercies never come too late;
Gird thee with patient strength, and trusting faith,
And firm endurance—wait."

Angel! behold, I wait,
Wearing the thorny crown through all life's hours—
Wait, till Thy hand shall ope the eternal gate,
And change the thorns to flowers!

LIFTED OVER.

BY HELEN HUNT.

AS tender mothers, guiding baby steps,
Would trip, lift up the little ones in arms
Of love, and set them down beyond the harm,
So did our Father watch the precious boy,
Led o'er the stony way, who stumbled oft
Myself, but strove to help my darling on;
He saw the sweet limbs faltering, and saw
Rough ways before us, where my arms would fail;
So reached from Heaven, and lifting the dear child,
Who smiled in leaving me, He put him down
Beyond all hurt, beyond my sight, and bade
Him wait for me! Shall I not then be glad?
And, thanking God, press on to overtake?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Regeneration. By Edmund H. Sears. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Foregleams and Foreshadows of Immortality. By Edmund H. Sears. New Editions, Revised and greatly Enlarged. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. New editions of two thoughtful and earnest books by the author of "The Fourth Gospel; or, The Heart of Christ;" a volume which has recently attracted more attention from advanced Christian thinkers than any issue of the press for a long time. The style of Mr. Sears is peculiarly attractive. He writes with great clearness and beauty of diction, and with a fervor and earnestness that commands the reader's attention. His volume on "Regeneration" is one of the profoundest and most exhaustive treatises on that subject extant. The way in which he unfolds the laws of our inner life in the orderly processes of spiritual development, will be a revelation to most of those who read it for the first time.

Speaking of "Foregleams and Foreshadows of Immortality," a religious contemporary says:

"It will stand as a lovely classic in sacred literature, and a beautiful inspiration of pure devotional feeling. * * * The best test of merit of a book is when we feel we have been made better by reading it; and while the one before us widens the field of intellectual vision, and makes solid and substantial the bridge from time to eternity, it quickens the conscience in its sense of duty, and softens the heart with a tender and more celestial love."

It was of this volume, on its first appearance some years ago, that Mrs. Browning wrote (to a friend in America from whom she had received a copy): "Few books have pleased me so much as 'Foregleams of Immortality.' It is full of truth and beauty."

Of Mr. Sears's latest book, "The Fourth Gospel, or, The Heart of Christ," which, as we have said, has attracted so much attention from thoughtful Christian readers, the Congregationalist remarks: "It is a book of extraordinary interest, * * * instructive and suggestive in the highest ranges of Christian thought and feeling."

The Church and State says: "As a work of literary art it has great merit; and its clear, rich and vivid style carries in its flow great wealth of thought and learning with cumulative power to the end."

The New York Independent says: "It is a long time since an American treatise on theology has produced any marked effect upon religious thought. * * * But the book of Dr. Edmund H. Sears, entitled 'The Heart of Christ,' is destined, we believe, to exert a powerful influence upon the opinions of thinking men in all branches of the church."

The Christian Union has this comment on the book: "Those who hold to a real tripersonal Trinity, will not accept all the results of Dr. Sears. But all who believe in the supreme Divinity of Jesus Christ, in the regeneration of fallen man by the divine influence, and in the inspiration and authority of the Gospels and other New Testament writings, will regard his work as one of peculiar power and value. In spirit it is heavenly and full of vital energy; in style it is beautiful and finished. * * * No one, of any denomination, can read it without feeling its quickening power, confirming his faith in the Gospel, and leading him into higher fellowship with the Son of God."

We have made these quotations in order to give such of our readers as are not familiar with the writings of Dr. Sears an idea of their character, and the impression they are making on the religious thought of the country.

The Garden of Eden. By George Yeager, A.M. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. There is a large and increasing number of good Christian men and women who cannot find in a large part of Old Testament Scripture anything spiritual or helpful to the soul seeking conjunction with God. They find its literal sense often contradictory;

often opposed to reason and science; often of doubtful morality. It is no uncommon thing to hear devoted church people say: "I have given up reading portions of the Old Testament. I cannot reconcile them with reason and humanity. They trouble me; and so I let them alone."

And yet, if Paul be right, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfected, thoroughly furnished in all good works." So it has become a question whether to ignore parts of the Word of God, or seek to explore them—as the man of science explores God's book of nature—for hidden and deeper meanings.

Swedenborg declares that all Scripture has two distinct senses—a natural and a spiritual sense; that the two senses hold to each other an exact symbolical relation, and that it is by virtue of the spiritual or divine sense that the Bible is the Word of God.

This little book, which consists of a series of conversations between a mother and her children, is an effort to explain what is signified in the inner sense, by "The Garden of Eden," and the four rivers that went out therefrom. The writer seems deeply imbued with a spirit of reverence for divine things, and no one whose mind is open to spiritual influences can fail to read his book with interest and profit, even though he may not be able to accept all that he sets forth. We give the opening sentences, to show the drift of thought and exposition.

"Mother, where was Eden?" asked Alice Harland.

"In the heart, my dear."

"I thought it was a beautiful garden, with trees and flowers, and birds, and gentle lambs, and rivers. But how can the heart hold all these?"

"It may be very large; our Heavenly Father can make it so."

"But how can Eden be in the heart?"

"Eden, my dear, means *love*—God's love in the heart."

"And what are the trees, and rivers, and animals?"

"These are all emblems or symbols of the thoughts and affections which the Lord plants in the heart when we love Him above all. When we read what the Bible says about a garden, we can tell what kind of people our first parents were."

"How? How can we tell?"

"By the things that were in the garden."

The Miracles of Faith. A Sketch of the Life of Beato Paulus. By Mary Weitbrecht, with an Introduction by Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D.D., of New York. New York: Dodd & Mead. This is the brief memoir of a poor, trustful pastor's wife, who lived on the borders of the Black Forest, Germany, and who believed literally in God's promise to answer prayer. The narrative is full of interest and instruction. "There never will be," says Mr. Robinson in his introduction to this little book, "a deeper mystery in this world than that involved in the simplest and first exercise of prayer. How the eternal God can seem to leave anything whatsoever contingent on the requests of his creatures, passes philosophy. And that He goes so far in His offer as to say plainly ASK AT WILL, is full of unutterable meaning. Now if one may gird up his faith, and rest assured that any petition he puts up is surely going to be answered, there seems little left to be desired for him."

Little left surely. But let him who asks remember that further saying of our Lord: "Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss."

Little Hodge. By the author of "Ginx's Baby." New York: Dodd & Mead. This is a witty, a satirical and a pathetic book. It shows up the unfortunate state of the English poor, and at the same time incidentally points out the inconsistencies and absurdities of the poor laws of England. It points out means by which the condition of the

English laborer can be improved. Prominent among these means he indicates colonization of the surplus population. The one blemish of the book is an American, which is introduced in its pages, and which is more like the conventional stage Yankee than like real life. Mr. Jenkins, the author, ought to have known better than to introduce such a character, as he was not only born in Canada, but has spent a considerable portion of his life in the States.

Wonders of Sculpture. By Louis Viardot. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. A wonderfully entertaining book, which will supply to the reader a general and fundamental knowledge of the art of sculpture from its infancy. It reviews the evidences of the art remaining to us in ruins dating back to pre-historic times, and gives a brief yet comprehensive review of its progress down to the present day. The book is illustrated by numerous engravings.

Kentucky's Love; or, Roughing it Around Paris. By Edward King, author of "My Paris." Boston: Lee & Shepard. A book which, with a certain brilliancy and originality of style, weaves into a graphic description of the siege of Paris, a personal romance. Its oddities may prove an attraction to some readers, though we are inclined to view them rather as drawbacks to its interest.

Potter's Complete Bible Encyclopedia. Edited by Rev. William Blackwood, D.D., LL.D., author of "Blackwood's Comprehensive Aids to the Study of the Holy Bible," etc. Philadelphia: John E. Potter & Co. We have received the first four numbers of this new work. It is eminently satisfactory in appearance, and this satisfaction is increased rather than diminished by examination. This Encyclopedia is intended to include everything usually found in a Bible dictionary, and will also embrace all available information on historical and ecclesiastical points touched upon in the Bible. The articles appear in alphabetical order. While they will be full in information and faithful in statement, they will avoid all expression of personal or sectarian opinions and prejudices. By this means the work will be adapted to the use of all classes of readers. It will be a book containing an inexhaustible fund of information for the family; and will also be an invaluable text-book for the student and the literary worker. This Encyclopedia has been prepared with great care and with unlimited expense. Its publishers tell us that "nearly three thousand first-class engravings, are in course of preparation, illustrative of manners and customs, rites and ceremonies, architecture, furniture and decoration of churches and temples, antiquities monumental and other remains, useful and fine arts, cities and towns, mountains, hills and valleys, rivers, lakes and seas, landscapes, etc. Many of the geographical and topographical illustrations are from photographs while those of sculpture, paintings, and similar subjects, are mainly from the originals."

This Encyclopedia is to be issued in semi-monthly parts, at fifty cents each.

The Great Events of History, from the Creation of Man till the Present Time. By Wm. Francis Collier, LL.D., Trinity College, Dublin. Edited by an Experienced American Teacher. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co. This book gives briefly and concisely the salient points in the world's history—points which should be remembered by every one, but which, when crowded in among matters of less importance, are often overlooked, or soon forgotten. The book is intended specially to be used as a text-book in schools, but will be found a valuable addition in a library of reference, or as a source of information to the general reader.

Manual of Land Surveying, with Tables. By David Murray, A.M., Ph.D., Professor of Mathematics in Rutgers College. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co. This book, the author tells us in his preface, "will be found to be simply a treatise on land surveying, accompanied with such practical directions and tables, as the experience of American surveyors has shown to be most useful. The methods and instruments described are mainly those which prevail in American practice, and which have been found best adapted to the peculiar wants of this country."

The Treasure of the Seas. By Prof. James de Mille. Boston: Lee & Shepard. This is the sixth and last volume of the "B. O. W. C." series of story-books for boys, a series which has proved intensely interesting to its youthful readers.

Cross and Crescent; or, Young America in Turkey and Greece. A Story of Travel and Adventure. By William T. Adams (Oliver Optic). Boston: Lee & Shepard. This is the third volume of the second series of "Young America Abroad." It takes the young travellers through Turkey and Greece, giving an outline of the history of each of these countries, describing its form of government, and the manners and customs of its people, its principal cities, and other objects of interest.

The Drawing-Room Stage. By George M. Baker. Boston: Lee & Shepard. This book contains a series of original dramas, comedies and farces, intended for the use of amateur actors, and prepared with special reference to the exigencies and requirements of school exhibitions and the drawing-room stage.

Social Charades and Parlor Operas. By M. T. Calder. Boston: Lee & Shepard. This is a book similar in character to the above, and equally capable of contributing to amusement in social circles.

Beechwood. A Novel. By Rebecca Ruter Springer. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. A story of higher and purer feeling than is usually to be met with, and marked by a tender, religious sentiment. It is the work of a chaste but cheerful spirit, and cannot be read without impressing the mind with a sense of life's nobler duties and privileges.

We find scattered through the volume a number of poems of more than ordinary grace and beauty. Here is one:

"So weary. All the livelong day
I've struggled o'er the toilsome way;
And now, when evening shades steal on,
Weary and sad I stand alone,
With cold hands to my hot brow press'd,
And sadly cry, 'Is there no rest?'

"Along the way my feet have trod
There rest, 'neath many a verdant sod,
The forms I've loved, the hands I've press'd,
The lips that I've so oft caress'd;
Whilst I, alas! must still press on,
Nor even by their graves kneel down!

"Yet, this I know, that far away
There is a clime of beauteous day,
Beyond the toil, beyond the stream,
Beyond life's weary, fleeting dream,
Where—oh, that I may be so blest!—
'He giveth his beloved rest!'

The True History of Joshua Davidson, Communist. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. A book out of the common order, and one to set men thinking. The writer, evidently no new hand at literary work, gives us the history of his hero, a poor, uneducated English carpenter, an evident parallel to the history of Christ, substituting events in modern society for those of Gospel history. It is not surprising to those who read this history of Joshua Davidson that he was rejected, cast out and put to death. Yet few who read it will lay aside the book without a deep, if not a painful conviction that the Christianity of to day is very far from being the Christianity that our Lord came to establish among men. But it is a better Christianity than it was a thousand, or a hundred years ago, and grows better every day. There is hope in this. We give in the present number of the *Home Magazine* a chapter from this remarkable book.

The Science of Health. New York: S. R. Wells. This magazine is edited with a great deal of practical wisdom, and furnishes a large amount of information necessary to the preservation of health. Heads of families will find a year's subscription to *The Science of Health* one of the best investments they can make.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

THE REFORMATION OF INEBRIATES.

A GOOD AND GREAT WORK INAUGURATED.

THE question of how to deal with men who have become slaves to strong drink is one of the most difficult of our social problems. To class drunkenness with disease, as some have done, is to ignore moral responsibility; it is to assume that there are morbid influences at work stronger than the human will, as in the case of typhus or small-pox. Inebriate asylums, based on the assumption that drunkenness is a disease, where patients are to be treated as if in a hospital, may effect a temporary good, but they cannot do, to any hopeful extent, the work of reformation. They isolate a man for a time, and remove him from contact with allurement; but when he goes back into old associations and stands again face to face with temptation, he is little stronger, as to moral and spiritual power, than before. The effects of disease, so called, have been overcome by treatment. He is well again, as a man restored from fever is well. But, when he returns to society, he is like the fever patient going back into a fever district. He has no immunity from attack.

Now, we must have, in the treatment of drunkenness, something more radical than this. We must go deeper than hospital and asylum work. This work reaches no farther than the physical and moral nature, and can, therefore, be only temporary in its influence. We must awaken the spiritual consciousness, and lead a man, too weak to stand in his own strength, when appetite, held simply in abeyance, springs back upon him again, to trust in God as his only hope, if we would effect a permanent reformation. First, we must help him physically. We must take him out of his debasement, his foulness and discomfort, and surround him with the influences of a home. Must get him clothed and in his right mind, and make him feel once more that he has sympathy—is regarded as a man full of the noblest possibilities—and so be stimulated to personal effort. But this is only preliminary work; such as any hospital and asylum may do. The real work of salvation goes far beyond this; it must be wrought in a higher degree of the soul—even that which we call spiritual. The man must be taught that only in heaven-given strength is there any safety. He must go in his weakness and deep sense of degradation to God as the only one who can surely lift him and set his feet in a safe place. Not taught this as from pulpit or platform; but by earnest, self-denying, sympathetic Christian men and women, standing face to face with the poor, repentant brother, and holding him tightly by the hand lest he stumble and fall in his first weak efforts to walk in a better way.

And this is just the work that is now being done in our city by the "FRANKLIN REFORMATORY HOME FOR INEBRIATES," a heaven-inspired institution, not yet a year old, but with accomplished results that are matters of wonder to all who are familiar with its operations. A few earnest men met together less than a year ago, pondering and planning a better way to save their fallen brothers than any yet adopted. They understood the meaning of the word "home," and felt that no human power to save was stronger than that of an attractive home. So they resolved to organize a home for inebriates that should be, as far as possible, a Christian home. They clearly recognized the fact that to have a healthy and orderly mind, there must be a healthy and orderly body; and so their first care was to have in their home every attainable means of physical comfort.

Trusting in God for the means to do the work to which they felt He had called them, and with only the guaranty of a month's rent by a liberal gentleman of our city, they took a house at No. 911 Locust Street, and opened it on the 1st of April last.

"At the first meeting of directors," says the secretary's report, "provision was made for furnishing 'six beds, with necessary clothing, and six chairs'; also a motion was adopted to provide for the appointment of a 'Board of Fifteen Managers,' consisting of ladies, who subsequently met

and organized on the afternoon of April 22d. By the first report, dated April 10th, since the opening, twelve persons had received lodgings and meals, four inmates had been admitted, and were under medical treatment. The Home was now fairly under way; faith had inspired, and hope sustained it; small contributions of money, clothing and furniture began to flow in, and when its directors and managers met in council on the first day of May, its success was fully assured. The power and influence of woman in every high and holy work now became apparent; order and cleanliness reigned in every department; substantial yet simple requisites were procured; befitting adornments gladdened the eye, flowers bloomed upon the hearth and in the garden. The nucleus of a library was formed; the attractiveness and cheerfulness of home were established; above all, prayers were offered and praises sung to God, that He might bless and take under His special care and protection 'The Franklin Home' and its inmates."

From that time everything favored the work. Money and furniture were sent as needed, and poor fallen men came for help, and found a home and friends. The result of ten months' work shows that one hundred and three persons were admitted, desiring to reform. Of these, thirty have given evidence of permanent reformation; the status of seventeen is unknown, and there are forty whose reformation is considered doubtful. Of the whole number received, about one-third were free patients. In regard to the treatment of patients, the secretary says:

"When a man's nerves are unstrung; when his raiment is torn; when he is uncombed and unwashed, you might as well talk to a pillar of stone. If you will take him kindly, gently, and treat him with the same consideration that you would one of your own family; if you will give him remedies calculated to brace his nerves; see that he is cleansed and refreshed; put clean raiment upon him, and bring him to his right mind by rest and nourishing food; then talk with and admonish him; he cannot withstand you; his conscience and heart are reached by attending, *first*, to his physical necessities. This is, in brief, the treatment of the Home. To forge the chains of love and honor still stronger, public religious services are held in the parlor every Sunday evening, conducted by clergymen of different denominations, assisted by the ladies and gentlemen of the board. The 'Godwin Association' is a distinctive feature of the Home; a strong plank of its platform is the pledge of total abstinence. It is composed of all former and present inmates; it is for mutual protection and defence against the common enemy; it has its watchmen on the towers; if a brother falls, they seek him out and try to save again; if he is poor, they pay for him. Under its auspices, a public temperance meeting is held every Tuesday evening, at which some of the managers are always present. The exercises consist of speeches, essays, recitations and music, of a character suited to the most refined taste. The programme is arranged and participated in by the members."

In February, a large meeting was held at the Academy of Music, for the purpose of bringing this important charity before the public. The statistics, after months' effort, surprised every one. A prominent clergymen, who addressed the meeting, declared that there was not a single church, of the four hundred in our city, that could, in its peculiar work, show results like this.

And now, this great and successful charity asks for larger means, and sends forth an appeal to all who have at heart the salvation of poor fallen humanity. The board of directors have recently purchased the buildings known as the "Newsboys' Home," on very favorable terms, which will enable them to extend and systematize their labors. To place the Franklin Home upon a permanent basis, the sum of \$20,000 is required, and we do not believe the appeal made by the board will be in vain, or that this enterprise will be permitted to languish when its record and workings are fully known.

We give below a list of the board of directors, in order that the public may know under what auspices this work is being conducted:

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Hon. James Pollock,	Hon. Amos Briggs,
Samuel P. Godwin,	Isaac Welsh,
John Price Wetherill,	Richard Wood,
Samuel G. Scott,	George W. Moore,
T. S. Arthur,	Thomas M. Coleman,
W. T. Wilkins,	Joseph W. Bates,
John Graff,	M. Richards Muckle,
James M. West,	Samuel L. Smedley,
Geo. H. Hamlin,	Charles Emory,
Rev. J. F. Meredith,	C. T. Matthews,
Geo. K. Snyder,	Charles Bulkley,
Charles M. Morton.	

There are, in our country, from six to seven thousand temperance organizations. A small contribution from each of these would give to our "Home" the means of doing a vast amount of good. Will not our Temperance papers bring this matter to their notice? Here is good, solid, legitimate work, in the hands of earnest, practical men and women, who know no such word as fail. We are pleased to learn that a number of societies in this city have contributed liberally. Let their good example be followed.

A PRACTICAL TEST OF WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

A GREAT deal has been said on both sides of this question; and its advocates and opponents have waged a war of words for years—the advocates steadily gaining some ground with the people. Three years ago the matter came to a practical test in Wyoming Territory. A law was passed giving women the right of suffrage, and the right to hold office in the Territory, in all respects the same as other electors. Under this law women have been elected and appointed to various offices, and have acted as jurors and justices of the peace.

Now what has been the practical working of this new order of things? A letter recently addressed to J. W. KINGMAN, "Associate Justice United States Supreme Court, Wyoming Territory," by the Woman's Suffrage Association of Pennsylvania, has brought a very explicit answer, and one that will take a great many people by surprise. We had intended only making a few extracts from this remarkable letter; but it is so interesting in its statements, from beginning to end, that we give nearly the whole of it. Judge Kingman says, speaking of the new law and its effects:

"I think there is no one who will deny that it has had a marked influence in elevating our elections, and making them quiet and orderly; and in enabling the courts to punish classes of crime where convictions could not be obtained without their aid.

"For instance—when the Territory was first organized, almost every one carried a loaded revolver on his person; and, as a matter of course, altercations generally resulted in using them. I do not remember a single instance where a jury of men has convicted either party for shooting at each other, even in a crowded room, if no one was killed; or for killing any one, if the victim had been armed. But, with two or three women on the jury, they have never failed to follow the instructions of the court.

"Again, the courts have been nearly powerless, with only men for jurors, in enforcing the laws against drunkenness, gambling, houses of ill-fame, and debauchery in any of its forms. Neither grand nor petit juries could be relied on; but a few women on either panel changed the face of things at once; and from that day this kind of vice has trembled before the law and hidden itself from sight, where formerly it stalked abroad with shameless front and brazen confidence in protection from punishment.

"There are, comparatively, so few women here, and those are so generally kept at home by domestic duties, that the courts have been unable to obtain as many of them for jurors as was desirable. But those who have served have uniformly acquitted themselves with great credit. Not a single verdict civil or criminal, has been set aside where women have composed a

part of the jury. This has not been the case, by any means, when they have not been present. They have given better attention than the men have to the progress of the trials; have remembered the evidence better; have paid more heed to the charges of the court; have been less influenced by business relations, and outside considerations; and have exhibited a keener conscientiousness in the honest discharge of responsibility. And I have heard of no instance where they have incurred any odium, or ill-will, or want of respect, from having served as jurors. On the contrary, I am quite sure that in every instance they have been more highly respected and more generally appreciated in consequence of it.

"There is one other influence that has grown out of the presence of women in the court-room, both as jurors and as bailiffs, that has been most apparent and welcome—it is the quiet order and decorum, the decent and respectful behavior, the gentlemanly bearing that has always been observed in their presence. The spectators come there better dressed, chew less tobacco and spit less, sit more quietly in their seats, walk more carefully on the floor, talk and whisper less; and, in all respects, the court-room assumes a more dignified and business-like air, and better progress is made in disposing of the matter in hand.

"Certainly, the whole effect on our courts and on our community, resulting from the participation of women in the administration of the laws, has been most beneficial and satisfactory; and it seems to me peculiarly proper that those who suffer most from the commission of crime and the evils of vice, should take part in its suppression and punishment.

"There is another matter in which we have been greatly benefited by this law; and that is, the change it has wrought on election days, and its influence at the polls. Formerly, our elections were scenes of drunken revel and noise; of fighting and riot. But when the women came to vote, they were always treated with the attention and respect everywhere shown to women in the United States. If there was a crowd around the polls, they always gave way when a woman approached, and were silent and orderly while she deposited her vote and went away. If men became intoxicated, they did not remain there where the women would see them. No noisy discussions would arise around the polls, because invariably, when a woman came up, all such conversation would cease. The fact has been that very few people gathered at the polls, and noise and fighting, riot and drunkenness have been entirely unknown there. If men drank too much, as they sometimes did, they remained in the drinking-shops, each political party by itself, and consequently avoided the quarrels and collisions that so often occur, while the people went to the polls and voted as quietly as they go to church. This of itself has been a gain in our community of no small moment.

"At first there was quite a number of women who refused to vote, but at every election that number has grown less, until now very few, if any, fail to exercise the privilege. Many refuse to vote as their husbands do, but I have not heard of any domestic discord or trouble growing out of such a course.

"In conclusion, I wish to say, as broadly and as unqualifiedly as I can express it, that while I have seen a great many advantages and much public good grow out of this change in our laws, I have seen none of the evils or disadvantages so generally apprehended and so warmly denounced by the opponents of the measure."

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE AND FOUND WANTING.

ALL the signs of the times indicate the coming of a new order of things. The rapidity with which faithless public men, largely trusted by the people, are being brought to judgment, and their guilt made clear as noonday, is something marvellous. Rings and combinations organized for no other end than to aggregate power for the more certain work of plunder, are broken up at a single ponderous stroke of some courageous citizen who drags their iniquity to the light. Buried wrongs are dug up, and their hideous carcasses shown to the aroused and indignant people. Men

long trusted, and regarded by the nation as representatives of the highest integrity, are found to be weakly venal, or deliberately corrupt. Everywhere good and true men are feeling a sense of relief. They see the dawning of a better day; the advent of a new era, when public virtue shall be something more than a name.

Such an era is surely advancing upon us. Evil and corruption are not stronger than goodness and virtue, but essentially weaker. Steadily the people are rising to a higher sense of right. The coming generation will take their places, as the receding ones retire; and the shame and disgrace of those trusted public men who have been weighed in the balance and found wanting, will stand out as warnings to all in whom the people confide.

And the people themselves will be more careful in their selection of those to whom great interests are to be intrusted. The old school of corrupt politicians—all of whom have a price—will be set aside, and their places be given to men of known integrity. How long we are yet to be in their hands cannot be told; but their power diminishes every day, and the time is not far distant when the people will thrust them aside—and cast off their names as evil.

MID-DAY LECTURES.

TWENTY-FIVE mid-day lectures on representative historical characters were given in our city during the past winter by Rev. John Lord. When the announcement of these lectures was made, few believed that they would be successful, as the audiences would have to be made up chiefly of women. The result has been very gratifying. Without a single exception, the lectures were fully attended, and the experiment has shown that we have in our great cities, besides the mass of mere pleasure-loving and fashion-devoted women, a large number devoted to higher and nobler things. A similar course was given by Mr. Lord in New York, and with the same gratifying result.

We trust that this is but the beginning of a new era of intellectual culture for our ladies. The success of Mr. Lord's experiment will doubtless bring other lecturers into the field. But they must be something different from the common lecture tribe, or they cannot hope for success. The cultured women who crowded to hear Mr. Lord's brilliant and scholarly lectures will not be caught by their chaff.

THE FUTURE OF SCIENCE.

THIE church has been slow to accept the conclusions of science, because these conclusions were not in harmony with revelation as understood by the church. Almost every new truth announced by science has awakened fear and disquietude. Instead of being hailed with pleasure as a victory over error, it has, in too many cases, been resisted long after the evidence in its favor has been made conclusive. "The motion of our planet around the sun," says Lyell, "the shape of the earth, the existence of the antipodes, the vast antiquity of the globe, the distinct assemblages of species of animals and plants by which it was successively inhabited, and lastly, the antiquity and barbarism of primeval man—all these generalizations, when first announced, have been a source of anxiety and unhappiness."

The future of science, as indicated by facts steadily coming to light, give room to conclude that in the book of nature will be found records more than ever out of harmony with Genesis, if taken in its literal sense. But no anxiety should be felt on this account. The Word and the Works of God must be in harmony. Genesis, if it be the Word of God—as we believe it to be—cannot, and does not, when rightly understood, contradict the "testimony of the rocks."

Let the Church, then, take Science by the hand and give her a hearty welcome. She comes also to tell of God and his wonderful works. She is no enemy of religion; no handmaid of skepticism or infidelity. The Book she is trying to interpret is the record. God has made of His wisdom and goodness in the outer world of nature. The Bible is another and higher record. It treats of man's spiritual creation; not of a physical earth and material heavens. In its true

signification it never contradicts science. Its divine power is on its spiritual side—in its holy inner meanings. And when the Church, abandoning its vain efforts to harmonize its literal sense with the facts of science, gives herself to the higher work of spiritual interpretation, she will enter a new era of Christian life and progress. She will be no longer afraid of science, but, giving her welcome as a servant of the living God, both will magnify His name together.

DON'T LET YOUR LIFE BE A FAILURE.

FEW sadder sentences fall from the lips than this: "My life has been a failure." And the saddest part in, that the failure can rarely if ever be retrieved, because the conviction, to most people, comes too late.—Comes in the feebleness of old age, when the brain is weak, and habit strong; comes after strength for true work and self-discipline is gone. Says Rev. W. H. Murry:

"Society is full of failures that need never have been made; full of men who have never succeeded; full of women who in the first half of their days did nothing but eat and sleep and sinper, and in the last half have done nothing but perpetuate their follies and weaknesses. The world is full, I say, of such people; full of men, in every trade and profession, who do not amount to anything; and I do not speak irreverently, and I trust not without due charity without making due allowance for the inevitable in life, when I say that God and thoughtful men are weary of their presence. Every boy ought to improve on his father; every girl grow into a nobler, gentler, more self-denying womanhood than the mother. No reproduction of former types will give the world the perfect type. I know not where the Millennium is, as measured by distance of time; but I do know, and so do you, that it is a great way off as measured by human growth and expansion. We have no such men and women yet, no age has ever had any, as shall stand on the earth in the age of peace that will not come until men are worthy of it."

Young men!—young women! Don't let your lives be failures. Make the best of what God has given you. Let your gratitude to Him for life and its noble endowments, be expected in a full devotion of will, and thought, and strength, to whatever work He brings in His wise providence to your hands. And remember, that it is only good and useful work that He provides. Shun evil work—work that harms your neighbor in any way, as you would shun the deadliest thing. No true success ever comes from evil work. It may bring a harvest of golden apples, and purple grapes; but the apples will be like those of Sodom, full of bitter ashes, and the grapes sour.

"CAST ADRIFF."

THIS is the title of a new book by the author of "THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP," now in the press of J. M. Stoddart & Co., of this city, and to be issued at an early day. "Cast Adrift," like the "Man-Trap," is another sorrowful revelation; a lesson and a warning for the people. Dealing with intemperance only as an incident of his theme, the author, in his romance of real life, draws aside the veil that hides the victims of this and other terrible vices, after they have fallen to the lower deeps of degradation, where the vilest and most abandoned of society herd together in our city slums more like beasts than men and women, and tells the story of sorrow, suffering, crime and human debasement as it really is in Christian America, with all the earnestness and power that in him lies; yet, with a guardedness of detail and description that must leave the book without objection, even from the most scrupulous.

It will be the same in size and price as "Three Years in a Man-Trap," and be sold only by agents.

HOMESTEADS are sacrificed every day, says the Chicago Tribune to hard drink, but probably for the first time in the history of the liquor traffic it furnishes a homestead to the family of one of its victims. The unique justice has been obtained by a woman of Iowa, who has recovered a homestead worth \$1,500 from the dealer who sold her husband the rum that caused his death.

"INSUBORDINATION."

IN the next number of our magazine we shall commence the publication of a story by T. S. Arthur, entitled "IN-SUBORDINATION;" a story written and published over thirty years ago. It is among the author's earliest and freshest efforts, and created quite a sensation at the time of its appearance. It has of late been much inquired for.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[We introduce a new Department with this number, in order to meet the wants of many correspondents.]

Mrs. B.—First efforts should never be sent to an editor. Keep your poems and essays and attempts at story-writing in your portfolio, no matter how much partial friends may praise them, nor how fair they may seem in your own eyes. The excellence that warrants any one in coming before the public as a writer is gained only after years of mental training and practice in the art of composition. It was Pope, we believe, who advised a young poet to keep his verses ten years before offering them for publication. He was very sure that, if kept that long, they would be thrown into the fire instead of into an editor's contribution-box.

Housekeeper.—The water from new lead pipes should always be permitted to run for few moments before using the water for drinking or culinary purposes. This will insure safety from lead poisoning. Old lead pipes are safe, as they become lined with a scale or incrustation, which is innocuous. A leaden cistern should never be scrubbed, much less brightened. A leaden water pipe should not be subject to blows, or be unnecessarily bent, whereby the accumulated scale or crust is removed. Experience proves that these surface incrustations, after reaching a maximum, protect the underlying metal from further corrosion.

Texas.—"Ask 'Pipsey Potts' for a receipt for making good yeast without hops. We have no hops in our part of the country this year." Pipsey will consider herself interrogated, and answer accordingly.

FLORENCE B.—We cannot advise you. Your best friends are your father and mother. It is not safe to hold a secret like yours from them.

H. S.—No. You cannot get remunerative literary employment in our city, and we advise you not to come, unless you have friends with whom you can stay at little or no expense. You have fair ability as a writer, but it requires far higher gifts and a larger culture and experience than you possess to command a price in the literary market. Sorry we cannot give you better encouragement.

CARRIE.—If your lover treats you as you say, the sooner you break with him the better. If he really loved you, he would not "flirt with other girls," just to "see how jealous it would make you;" nor criticize you before people, until you "cried with vexation," nor "catch you up in your words," nor be "always finding fault with something or other." If all this is done before marriage, what may not be expected afterward? To marry the man you describe, would, in our judgment, be a very risky experiment.

A MOTHER.—Write to E. Steiger, publisher, New York, and get *The Child, its Nature and Relations*, by Mrs. Matilda J. Krieger, in which you will find the Baroness Burlow's elucidation of Frobel's Principles of Education, as exemplified in the Kindergarten. The particular manner in which these principles of instruction are combined and carried out are fully explained by Mrs. Krieger's "Child," and in other works published by Mr. Steiger.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.**Our New Picture, "The Christian Graces."**

FREE TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER FOR 1873!

If anything sweeter, lovelier or more attractive than "The Christian Graces" has yet appeared in this particular field of art, it has not been our good fortune to see it. There have been innumerable single figures of Faith, Hope and Charity, and groups of Faith and Hope; but this is, we believe, the only first-class picture in which CHARITY, "the greatest of these," comes in as the central figure, and in a group of ideal faces of the loveliest type, shines sweetest, and loveliest of them all—a fitting representative of our time, when Charity is coming forward and taking her true place as the first and greatest of Christian virtues.

Mr. Arthur's New Books by Mail.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS, FRESH AND FADED, \$2.50.

THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP, \$2.00.

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF GENTLE HAND, and other Stories for Children. Elegantly bound and illustrated, \$2.00.

We will send by mail any of the above new books by T. S. Arthur, on receipt of the price.

For \$4.00 we will send "Orange Blossoms" and the "Man Trap." For \$3.50 the "Man Trap" and "Gentle Hand." For

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\$4.00. "Orange Blossoms" and "Gentle Hand." For \$5.50, the three volumes will be sent.

To Club-Getters.

Some of our club-getters have written to ask if "THE ANGEL OF PEACE," "A BED-TIME," or "THE WREATH OF IMMORTELLES" would be sent free to subscribers, in place of "THE CHRISTIAN GRACES," if desired. We answer yes. A choice of either of these pictures can be made.

ADVERTISERS' DEPARTMENT.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of J. H. Schenck & Son, N. E. corner Sixth and Arch Streets, to be found on second page of cover, under above title. Drs. J. H. Schenck & Son have done much toward alleviating the ravages of that dread disease, consumption, their well-known remedies being household words throughout the whole country, and the many testimonials of persons cured by their remedies can be found everywhere. A visit to their handsome building at Sixth and Arch Streets will repay any of our readers who may be in the city at any time, and where the Doctors may be consulted at all hours during the day.

THE GREAT ICE GORGE.—R. NEWELL & SON, No. 628 Arch Street, Philadelphia, have photographed and published several splendid stereoscopic and enlarged views of the Great Ice Gorge, from the dam to the falls, in the Schuylkill River, taken from different points on its banks, which every one loving the grand and beautiful in nature should possess. The above named firm also publish stereoscopic views of the "Old Bell" in Independence Hall. A catalogue of these and many other fine views, sent free to any who may desire them. Address as above.

PAPONA, NUTRINA AND NUTRIETTE are the Wheat Preparations of the Nutrio Manufacturing Company. Papona is designed as a food for infants and invalids, while Nutrina and Nutriette are the coarser preparations, and are desirable articles of diet for all classes and ages, and are especially adapted for dyspepsia.

Nutrina is the cheapest and best preparation of wheat extant. And to all of sedentary habits, Nutrina, is a diet of super-excellence, its virtue making it, in some form, a favorite article of daily food far more digestible, palatable, and nutritious than wheaten grits or crushed wheat. Can be cooked in one-fourth the time, and is warranted to keep fresh and sweet in all seasons and climates. The above preparations are sold by all first-class Grocers and Druggists. Manufactured only by the Nutrio Manufacturing Co., 1520 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia.

MR. J. HOOVER has removed his Chromo Gallery from No. 1117 to 1129 Chestnut St., one door below 12th St. The first floor is devoted to the retail trade, and the stock of fine paintings and chromos, is constantly being added to.

WHAT can be more delightful during this stormy, cold winter's weather than to sit at one's ease, and without exertion visit all countries under the sun, viewing the enchanting scenery, and the wonder of their cities and monuments? Through the stereoscope and photographic camera this pleasure is accessible to all. We were forcibly struck with the truth of this whilst looking on the immense stock of James W. Queen & Co., 924 Chestnut Street, a few days since. Views from every country crowd their shelves, and at astonishingly low prices. In proof of this it is sufficient to say that we were shown a most excellent and beautiful stereoscope for one dollar, and an immense assortment of pictures for one dollar and a half per dozen.

NEW MUSIC.—Messrs. W. H. Boner & Co., Music Publishers, No. 1102 Chestnut Street, will accept our acknowledgments for a fine selection of Music on our table. We find it all particularly pretty and pleasing. Among others, we found the following gems:

"MAY BREEZES"—"DAS MAILTETTERE"—by G. Lange. This is a charming composition for the piano, and we cordially recommend this beautiful production, by this popular author, to our musical friends and readers.

Bon Nuit Galop, by Thomas, author of the celebrated "Raymond's Kill Galop," which has had such an immense run. *Bon Nuit* has just been published, and we predict for it as large a share of public patronage as the other compositions by the same author.

Amazon March, by C. Michaelis.

Also, *Her Little Bed is Empty*, song, by Dexter Smith. This is an answer to "Put me in my Little Bed," by the same author, and it is rapidly eclipsing it in popularity, and it is what the publishers claim for it, "the prettiest song published for years."

Copies of all the above can be had at BONER & CO.'s, where can be found always the choicest selections of new Music, received daily from the press and publishers. Send for catalogue.

HOME MAGAZINE ADVERTISER.

HOME MAGAZINE PREMIUM LIST.

A Copy of "THE CHRISTIAN GRACES" goes to Every Subscriber to the Home Magazine.

GROVER & BAKER'S SEWING-MACHINE.

For thirty subscribers to "HOME MAGAZINE" at \$2.50 each, we will send the No. 23 Grover & Baker Machine plain table; price \$35. For thirty-five subscribers, at \$2.50 each, we will send the same machine, with cover. The stand is of iron enameled, and the table of solid black walnut, strong and well finished. Three Hemmers, a Friller, Braider, Quilting-Gauge, Needle-Gauge, Embroidery-Plate, Screw-Driver, Oil-Feeder, and one dozen assorted needles are included with every machine.

The superiority of the Grover & Baker Machine is so well known that no commendation of ours is need.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

This great work, a library in itself, is published, in ten octavo volumes of over 800 pages each, at \$4.50 a volume. Our arrangements enable us to offer a single volume at a time, so that any one desiring to procure the work can order it in single volumes, and take as long a time as may be desired to procure the whole work.

For every five subscribers, to "HOME MAGAZINE" at \$2.50 each, we will send a volume of this work. For twenty subscribers, sent to "HOME MAGAZINE" at one time, we will send five volumes. For thirty-five subscribers, sent at one time, we will send the entire work. Postage, 60 cents a volume.

Webster's Great Unabridged Quarto Dictionary, Price \$12.

For twelve subscribers, to "HOME MAGAZINE" at \$2.50 each, we will send this splendid Dictionary; or for six subscribers we will send WEBSTER'S National Pictorial Octavo Dictionary, price \$6.

If postage for Encyclopedia or Dictionary is not sent, they will be forwarded by express. Postage on "Unabridged," \$1.50; on National Pictorial, 85 cents.

THE PEOPLE'S SPRING BED BOTTOM.

SEE ADVERTISEMENT IN JAN. NUMBER OF HOME MAGAZINE. For four subscribers to the "Home," at \$2.50 each, we will send one of these improved Bed Springs. Consult advertisement for direction how to select and use them.

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New and Elegant Styles. The ONLY Cabinet Organs containing all modern improvements. Recommended by musicians GENERALLY as unrivaled. ALWAYS awarded highest premiums, including Medal at Paris Exposition. The ONLY American Organs having large sale in Europe.

The MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO. undertake to furnish the BEST and CHEAPEST instruments of this class in the world, and invite all interested to send for their NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and TESTIMONIAL CIRCULAR, containing much information which may save some from disappointment in purchasing inferior or defective organs, or paying high prices. Sent FREE and POSTPAID.



ORGANS.



Unfailing Recreation; Attraction to Home; Leaders in Worship and Innocent Amusement; Means of Refinement, Cultivation and a Valuable Accomplishment.

The Cabinet or Parlor Organ is, since recent vast improvements, the MOST VALUABLE AND POPULAR OF LARGE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. 40,000 of them are sold annually. One to twenty stops; \$55 to \$500, and upwards, each; Elegant and Durable; not liable to get out of order, and do not require tuning. Packed so that they can be sent anywhere by ordinary freight routes all ready for use.

WAREHOUSES: 154 Tremont St., BOSTON; 25 Union Square, NEW YORK; 80 and 82 Adams St., CHICAGO.

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